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Mulberry-Garden,

A

COMEDY.

As it is Acted by

His MAJESTIE'S SERVANTS
AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL.

Written by the Honourable

Sir CHARLES SIDLEY.

K. Sedley (C. 1.)

LONDON,

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Lower walk of the *New Exchange*. 1668.

Музыкально-литературный
журнал

САМОД

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TO THE DUCHESS
HER GRACE
THE
DUTCHESSE
OF
RICHMOND and LENOX.

Madam,

Tis an unquestion'd Priviledge we Authors have of troubling whomsoever we please with an Epistle Dedicatory, as we call it, when we print a Play; Kings and Princes have never been able to exempt either themselves or their Favourites from our Persecution. I think your Grace (for a Person of so great Eminence, Beauty, Indulgence to Wit, and other Advantages that mark you out to suffer under Addresses of this Nature) has scap't very well hitherto. For I do not remember your Name yet made a Sanctuary to any of these Criminals: But, Madam, your time is come, and you must bear it patiently. All the favour I can shew you, is that of a good Executioner, which is not to prolong your pain. You see, Madam, here the unhappiness of being born in our time, in which to that Virtue and Perfection, the Greeks and Romans would have given Temples and Altars, the highest

The Epistle Dedicatory.

thing we dare dedicate, is a Play or some such Trifle. This that I now offer to your Grace, you were so kind to when it was in loose Sheets, that by degrees you have train'd it up to the confidence of appearing in Print before you: And I hope you will find it no hard matter to pardon a Presumption you have your self been accessory to, especially in one that is intirely,

MADAM,

Your Graces Devoted and

Obedient Servant,

CHARLES SIDLEY.

Dramatis

Dramatis Personæ.

Sir John Everyoung.

Sir Samuel Forecast.

Harry Modish.

Ned Estridge.

Jack Wildish.

Snappum.

Eugenio.

Philander.

Horatio.

Officer and Assistants.

Servant to Sir Samuel Forecast.

Musicians and Dancers.

Prentices, and Sedan-men.

Diana.

Forecast's daughters.

Althea.

Widor Brightstone.

V

Everyoung's daughters

PRO

Dissertatio de Slogans

Prologue.

New Poets (like fresh Beauties come to Town)
Have all that are decay'd, cry 'em down,
All that are envions, or that have witt ill;
For Wits and Heroes fain wond, sing, kill.
Like Statesmen in disgrace, they ill endure
A better conduct should our good procure:
As an old Sinner, who in's youth has known
Most Women bad, dares venture upon none.
Our Author, seeing here the Fate of Plays,
The dangerous Rocks upon the Coast of Praise,
The cruel Critick and malicious Wit,
Who think themselves undone if a Play hit:
And like those Wretches who on shipwrecks thrive,
Rage if the Vessel do the Storm out-live,
By others loss he stood a while forsworne,
But against tempting hope no man is arm'd;
Amongst great Gamesters, when deep playts seen,
Few that have money but at last come in;
He has known many with a trifling sum,
Into vast Fortunes by your favours run:
This gives him confidence to try his Fate,
And makes him hope he is not come too late.
If you le undo him quite, like Rooks begin
And for this once in cunning let him win.
He hopes the Ladies at small faults will,
And a new Poet, a new Servant think.

THE

THE

Mulberry Garden.

ACT I. SCENE I.

sir John Everyoungs House stands.

Enter Sir John Everyoung, and Sir Samuel Forecast.

Ever. **W**ELL, for all this heat, let's every one
Govern his own Family as he has a mind to't;
I never vex my self that your Daughters
Live shut up as if they were in *Spain* or *Italy*;
Nor pray don't you trouble your self that mine
See Plays, Balls, and take their innocent Diversion,
As the Custom of the Country, and their age requires.

Forec. They are my Nieces, as they are your Daughters,
And I'le tell you, you spoil 'um with your own
Examples: youth may well be allow'd to be
Stark mad, when they see age so Extravagant:
Is that a Dress for my elder Brother, and a
Reverend Justice?

Ever. Yes, and a properer than your little Cuffs,
Black Cap, and Boots there, for a Gentleman.

Forec. Of Eighteen I confess, but not of Fifty.

Ever. Yes, though he were as old as any before
The Flood; and for my part I'le not bate a Riband
For all the whole Tribe of you can say: you know
Your self every Fool wou'd fain be thought wise;
And why an old man shou'd not desire to be
Thought young, I see no Reason: as long as

I am whole at heart, I'm resolv'd my Cloaths
Shall n're betray me.

Forec. There's no need on't, your face does it sufficiently;
Come I'm ashame'd to see you every day
Set out thus powder'd, and trim'd, like an old Player,
To act a young Prince; your Periwig I like
Very well, it serves to keep your bald pate warm,
But that flirting Hat there looks as it were
Made rather for your Wit than your Head.
Pray which is most *a-la-mode*, Right
Reverend Spark?---- Points, or Laces? Girdle,
Or Shoulder-Belts? what say your Letters
Out of France?

Ever. Lord, what pains you take to Quarrel
At my Dress and Mirth, as if age were not
Tedious enough already, but we
Must adde neglect of our selves, and moroseness
Toward others: Children now adays are
Not so fond of their Parents, that we
Need use any Art to make 'um hate us.

Fore. Well, go then, and carry your Daughters abroad,
And break their Bellies with Sillabub, 'tis the
Greatest kindness you can do 'um now;
As you have bred 'um, you may e'ne keep
'Um to your self, and save their Portions;
I believe no body will be very fond of a
Hide-Park Filly for a Wife; nor an old Boy
That looks like a Pedlar's Pack for a Father-in-Law;
But now I think on't, you are
Such a Spark, they'd lose their Reputations
With you if they had any.

Ever. For ought I see good Brother, they stand
As fair in the opinion of the world as yours,
And have done nothing but what I like very well.

Fore. What do you count it nothing, to be all
Day abroad, to live more in their Coach
Than at home, and if they chance to keep
The House an Afternoon, to have the Yard.

Full of Sedans, the Hall full of Footmen
 And Pages, and their Chambers cover'd all over
 With Feathers and Ribands, dancing and playing
 At Cards with 'um till morning.

Ever. Why, where's the hurt of all this?

Fore. O no hurt at all; but if they were my Daughters
 I should be looking for Cradles and Nurses,
 I shou'd be sorry to hear *Diana* or *Althea*
 Went abroad without some discreet body
 To look after them, or were at home indeed
 Without employing their time in some piece
 Of Huswifry, or at least some good Book.

Ever. You and I shall never hit it, for now I
 Think those women who have been least
 Us'd to Liberty, most apt to abuse it, when
 They come to't.

Fore. O this fine believing Gentleman, I should
 Laugh heartily to see him a Grand-father
 Without a Son-in-Law.

Enter to them Victoria and Olivia.

Viſt. Sir if you don't use the Coach your self,
 My Sister and I wou'd go abroad this Afternoon.

Ever. Take it Children, but don't keep the Horses
 Out too late.

Fore. What I never ask 'um whither they're
 Going? by your favour I'le put that Question
 To 'um; Come hither *Victoria*, what visits
 Do you intend this Afternoon?

Viſt. None Sir, we were only going a Rambling.

Fore. A Rambling, methinks that word sounds
 Very prettily i'the mouth of a young Maid;
 Next time I ask 'um whither they're going,
 I believe they'l answer me, To drink
 A Bottle or two: but whither pray?

Olivia. For that Sir we shall take counsel of the weather,
 Either up into the City, or towards the Park.

Fore. What, none but you two?

Oliv. We intended to call on my Cousins
Althea and Diana.

Fore. They took Physick this morning, and
Are not well, you'll but lose your labour.

Vi&t. Sir they sent for us but an hour ago.

Fore. You had better go without 'um, they
Are all unrest, to stay for 'um would
But make you lose the sweet of the Evening.

Ever. Brother, what are you jealous of them too?
I assure you they are no men in womens
Cloaths.

Fore. I am not jealous of 'um, but since you'd
Have it so, I'de as lieve they'd keep away.

Ever. And I'de as lieve you'd keep away, till you
Understand your self better; what? you
Think your Daughters, like your Money,
Never safe, but under Lock and Key; who
Wou'd you have 'um converse with, if not
With their Relations?

Fore. With those that are a kin to 'um in manners
And behaviour, such as they may learn
Some goodness of; I see nothing they can
Learn here but vanity.

Vi&t. Sister they begin to be angry, come
Let's leave 'um till the storm be over.

[Exeunt.

Fore. What are they gone? I warrant
If we had been reading a Play, or Romance,
We shou'd not have been rid of 'um so
Soon; but I'll spoil their sport at
My House.

Ever. A precious Design, and worthy of your
Gravity! But if you do Brother, I'll tell
You one thing, you'll go near to spoil
A match at cross purposes: farewell.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Modish his Chamber.

Enter Henry Modish and Ned Estridge.

Mod. Good morrow, Ned, I thought I had left you
 Too deep engag'd last night to have been
 Here thus early.

Estr. Why you sneak'd away just as the Sport
 Began, like a half-bred Cock that strikes
 A Stroke or two briskly, and then runs.

Mod. Faith, I had so many Irons in the fire for
 To day, I durst not run the hazard of
 A disorder last night: but you know
 My Heart was with you.

Estr. You wou'd not have repented it, if your
 Whole Body and Soul had been with us; *Jack Wildish*
 sent for a dozen more of Champaigne
 And a Brace of such Girls, as we shou'd have
 Made Honourable Love to, in any other
 Place; and *Sir John Everyyoung* was in the
 Pleasantest Humour, I'de give a piece I
 Cou'd repeat the Satyr he made of the Country.

Mod. It wou'd be good News to his Daughters,
 For they say, now and then in a morning
 He is of another mind.

Estr. That's only while his head akes, they need
 Not fear him; he swears hee'l n'er stir
 Beyond *Hide-Park* or *Colebys* at farthest,
 As long as he has an Acre left, they shall
 All come to him: 'tis a pleasant old Fellow,
 He has given me a hundred pounds for my
 Gray beard, and is to ride himself this day
 Month twice round the Park, against a bay
 Stone-horse of *Wildishes*, for two hundred more.

Mod. Methought *Wildish* and you were very

Intimate, pray how long have you been
Acquainted?

Estr. Faith, about a week or so, times a thing only necessary
For the Friendship of vulgar Spirits : O here comes
The Gentleman we were speaking of ; now Jack, Enter
Wildish.
What small Petticoat do you come from ?

Wild. E'ne such another as you are going to now
With all this Bravery ; those Cravats that design
The Right Honourable, I'le lay a piece will be
Rumpl'd by a worse Woman than they were
Washt, yet afore night.

Mod. Wou'd all the world were of his mind, we
Young men shou'd pass our time well.

Wild. O never the better for that ; such Mounsieurs
As you by your Feathers are known to be Birds
Of prey, and though you catch nothing, you
Scare all ; Besides, every good man is not acquainted
With this Principle among you, that you can be
In Love with nothing but your selves, and may
Be jealous of his Wite, when indeed you come
Innocently to take a view of your persons from
Head to feet in the great Glass ; comb out your
Periwig, shake your Garnitures, and be gone.

Estr. What, dost think we have no other way
Of Entertainment ? No Discourse, Jack ?

Wild. Yes, a little now and then about their dress,
Whether their Patches be too many or too few,
Too great or too small, whether her Hankerchief
Be *Point de Venie* or *Rome* ; and having left behind
You some proof of your ability in the Mode,
Return to shew your selves at the last Act.
Of a Play.

Mod. I dare swear, Jack, thy Acquaintance puts
Thee to none of these Criticisms, a plain Gorget
And a black Scarf are all their varieties ; and
Are you well Mistress ? and what Company
Have you kept lately ? thy most familiar
Questions. But Raillery apart. Say it were

A mans

A mans Fortune to prevail upon one of these
 Thou believest so impregnable Forts, and to be
 Receiv'd where never any but your self came
 So near as to be deny'd ; were not that a
 Conquest ?

Wild. As great as that of a place not tenible
 Can be ; the present Plunder indeed is somewhat,
 But upon the first Siege you must look to be
 Driven out ; a Ladies heart is a kind of Fortification
 That is easier surpris'd by being well man'd,
 And makes ever the strongest resistance of it self.

Estr. 'Tis true, *Modib*, for I have still observ'd,
 That when one of these persons of Honour
 Does a little forget her self, though at first
 Through a secret Sympathy, and invincible
 Inclination (as they call it) for one particular
 Man, she ever after loves the whole Sex the
 Better for it.

Wild. Right ; for these good Creatures, Women,
 Are like Cats, if once made tame, any one
 May play with 'um ; if not, there's no
 Coming near 'um.

Mod. Thou think'st thou hast maul'd 'um now,
 Why I tell thee, *Jack*, a Hector is not readier
 To pick a Quarrel with a sawcy Creditor,
 And swear he will never pay the Rascal,
 Then a man is to have one with his Mistres
 Towards the latter end of an Amour ; especially,
 If it amount to a handsom occasion of
 Leaving her, 'tis the kindest thing she can do.
 Then : what think you, *Estridge* ?

Estr. Faith, I'm of your mind, yet I have known
 Some unconscionable Ladies make their
 Servants wait as long for a just Exception,
 And almost as impatiently, as they did for the
 First Favour.

Wild. Favour and Exception, Gentlemen, are words
 I don't meet with in seven years, where

I go, my piece makes my Complement
 When I come in, and my Excuse when I
 Go away ; and 'tis ever well taken too :
 I have all the day to bestow upon my business,
 The night upon my Friends, whilst you are
 Kissing the Cards at *Ombre*, or presenting
 Oranges at a Play-house.

Estr. Thou never knew'st it seems what 'twas
 To be in Love then.

Wild. No faith, I never let the Disease run on so far,
 I always took it in time, and then a Bottle
 Of Wine or two, and a she Friend is an approv'd
 Remedy ; there are men in the world though,
 Who in that Distemper prescribe some
 Serious Employment, continual Exercise,
 Spare Diet, and the like ; but they are Philosophers,
 And in my opinion make the Remedy worse then
 The Disease.

Estr. I do confess your's is the pleasantest Cure,
 If it be one ; but I doubt it only gives a little
 Ease for the present, and like small Beer in the
 Morning after a merry bout over night,
 Doth but make us the worse afterwards.

Mod. I now, you talk to him of what he understands,
 What you do tell him of Love for & who by
 His own confession never knew what it was.

Wild. No, but I guess this same Love you speak
 Of, Gentlemen, to be much like Longing in
 Women, a phantastical appetite to some one
 Thing above all others, which if they cannot
 Get, the Lover miscarries of his passion,
 And the Lady of her little one ; or if they do, are
 Both quickly satisi'd, and it becomes for
 Ever after very indifferent, if not loathsom.

Estr. Well, *Modish*, I perceive we shall do no
 Good on him, let's take him to the Mulberry-
 Garden, and see what the Ladies can do.

Wild. You shall excuse me, I have a small

Ramble of my own for an hour or two
This Afternoon: and so your Servant.

Mod. 'Tis time we were going,
I warrant they have walk'd every foot of
The Garden, twice over by this time:
They are mad to know, whether their
Friends in Town have dealt faithfully
With 'um of late, concerning the Mode.

Eft. These Country Ladys for the first month
Take up their places in the *Mulberry Garden*,
As early as a Citizens Wife at a new Play.

Mod. And for the most part are as easily discover'd;
They have always somewhat on, that is
Just left off by the Better Sort.

Eft. They are the Antipodes of the Court; for
When a Fashion sets there, it rises
Among them.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter Victoria and Olivia.

Vi&g. Sister, whatever the matter is, methinks
We don't see half the Company that us'd
To meet here a nights, when we were last
In Town.

Oliv. 'Tis true, but methinks 'tis much better than the long
Walk at home; for in my opinion
Half a score young men, and fine Ladies
Well dress'd, are a greater Ornament to
A Garden, than a Wilderness of Sycamores,
Orange, and Lemmon Trees; and the rustling
Of rich Vests and Silk Petticoats, better
Musick than the purling of Streams,
Chirping of Birds, or any of our Country
Entertainments: and that I hope the place
Will afford us yet, as soon as the Plays
Are done.

Viſt. Sister, what wou'd you give to ſee
Eſtridge come in now?

Oliv. 'Tis iſſible, he wou'd not miſs his
Devotion to the Park, for all I could give,
Such an Evening as this: beſides the two
Garnitures he brought out of France are
Soil'd, his Feather broke, and he has been
So out of humour these two days, there's
No enduring him; he lost his Money too
Last night I hear; and loſing Gameſters
Are but ill company.

Viſt. Fye Sister, you make him a ſaver with
A look; and Fine, in but thinking he is ſo;
You deserve not ſo compleat a Servant,
But I hope you'll be as obliging to
His face, as you are ſevere to him
Behind his back.

Oliv. The only way to oblige moſt men
Is to uſe 'um thus, a little now and then;
Even to their faces, it gives 'um an
Opinion of our wit; and is conſequently
A Spur to theirs: the great pleasure
Of Gaming were loſt; in ſome ſame
Anothers hands; and of Love, if we may ſay
Anothers Hearts: there would be no room
For good Play in the One, nor for Address
In the Other; which are the reſiduum of both.
But what would you give to ſee him ſit?

Viſt. To ſee Horatio, as he was
I would all other happiness renounce,
But he is now another, and my ador'd
Is not to nourish, but to ſtay; my fayre
Oſtage, and Femion To ſee him
I dare not hope my Captiue no again,
So many Charms contribute to his Chalme,
Mufcet upon the battalions
Althea's Slave, let false Horatio live,
Crippling of Pindar, or you to me
Euterpe's ſilences: but

Oliv. Fye Sister, leave this Ryming at leaſt.

Enter to them Estridge and Modish.

Estr. Ladys, it is our wonder to find any body
Here at this time of Day, and no less our
Happiness to meet with you ; all the world
Is at the Park, where we had been our
Selves, but that we saw your Livery
At the Gate.

Vic. I pray let us not keep you here Gentlemen,
Your Mistresses will curse us, and your
Selves too, by and by, if the Garden shou'd
Not fill.

Estr. If we wish any company, Ladies, 'tis for
Your sakes, not our own.

Mod. For my part I wou'd ne're desire a
Garden fuller than this is now ; we
Are two to two, and may be hand to
Hand when you please.

Oliv. I don't know what you think, but in
My mind the More the Merrier, especially
In these places.

Estr. I, for show, Madam, but it happens in
Great Company, as at Feasts, we see a
Great deal, and fall to heartily of nothing,
And for the most part rise hungry : and 'tis
With Lovers, Madam, as with great
Bellied Women, if they find what they
Long for, they care not whether there
Be any thing else or no.

Vic. What in love already ? sure the air of
This place is a great softner of mens hearts.

Mod. How can it chuse, having so many
Lovers sighs daily mixt with it ? but 'twere
A much better quality in't, Madam, if
It could incline Ladies to believe, and look
With pity on those flames they raise.

Oliv. 'Tis too early to make Love this two Hours.
Flames and Pity wou'd sound much better
In the Evening.

Mod. 'Tis not with love, Madam, as with meaneer
Arguments; I might entertain you with
My passion for an age, and yet have as
Much left for anon, as if I had not
Spoke one word; the Sea is easier emptied
Then a Lovers breast.

Oliv. What say you, Sir, is this your opinion too?

Eft. Yes faith, Madam, and I think a Lover can
No more say at once, what he hath to
Say to his Mistress, than a man can eat
At once for his whole life time;

Oliv. Nay, if it be so endles, I should beg of
My Servant, when ever I have one,
E'ne to keep it to himself for altogether.

Eft. There you betray your ignorance,
With your pardon, Madam; to see the
Fair *Olivia*, and not love her, is not
More impossible, than to love her, and not
Tell her on't. Silent Lovers you may read
Of, and in Romances too, but Heavens
Forbid you shou'd e're meet with any.

Oliv. If they knew how little they were like
To get by being otherwise, I'm confident
I shou'd meet with none else.

Eft. Well, Madam, I perceive Love, like Wine,
Makes our Discourse seem extravagant
To those that are not wound up to
The same height: But had you any spark
Of what I feel, I should have had
Another Answer.

Oliv. Why, what Answer?

Eft. Nay, I know not, but some pretty one,
That love wou'd have devis'd for you;
No more to be imagin'd by you now,
Than what you shall talk of next
In your sleep. In the mean time, Ladies,
Will you do us the honour to eat Syllabubs?

Oliv. Sister, let's go, so they'll promise to say

Nothing

Nothing but what they think to us when
We are there.

Mod. You may do what you please, Ned, but 'tis
A liberty I dare not use my self to, for
Fear of an ill habit.

Estr. You are very confident of our good opinion,
Ladies; I believe there are few women
In Town wou'd accept of our Company
On these terms.

Vicf. Faith, Sister, let's bate 'um that circumstance,
Truth is a thing meerly necessary for witnesses,
And Historians, and in these places doth but
Curb invention, and spoil good Company;
We will only confine 'um to what's
Probable.

Mod. Content, and I dare swear 'twill be better
For all Parties. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. Sir Samuel Forecasts House.

Enter Althea and Diana.

Dian. We two, or none, may of our Stars complain,
Who afford us nothing to share but pain;
Each bears her own, and th' others portion too;
This cruel wonder can high friendship do.

Alth. To us how cheap might they have joy allow'd,
Since both had had what they on each bestow'd!
But yet thy loss I rate above my own,
Fate on thy Love till now did never frown:

Philander thee above the world did prize,
Thy Parents saw him almost with thy Eyes:
All things so prosperous were, thou cou'dst not guess,
An Accident to wound thy happiness.
I wretched Maid, have but a passion lost,
Which if none else, my Parents wou'd have crost;
My lowly hopes do but a step descend,
Whilst thine, from their full height do head-long bents:

Thine.

This hour that promis'd all, can nothing pay,
And *Hymen* steals his lighted Torch away.

Dian. Ah, dear *Althea*, let not thou and I
Contend who most exceeds in misery;
It is a dismal strife, since were my own
Less, I'de share thine till they were equal grown.
Curse on Ambition, why shou'd Honour take
A present back agen, that Love did make?
On thee *Eugenio* did his Life bestow,
To me *Philander* did his Service vow;
Yet both for Honour have those ties despis'd,
And now are fled, or must be sacrific'd.
Unkind *Philander*, had Love fill'd thy brest
With half those flames thou hast so oft express'd,
They had consumed in their purer fires
All other thoughts, and thou wou'dst never mind,
Who were for Kings, and who for Slaves design'd.

Alth. The noble sense they show of the sad Fate
Of their dear Country, sets a higher rate
Upon their Love; for who that had a grain
Of Honour in him, cou'd endure the Reign
Of proud Usurpers, whose *Relentless will*,
Is all the Law by which men spare or kill;
And his true Prince in Banishment behold,
Worthy of more than Fortune can with-hold;
These monstrous with the crimes of prosperous *Fate*,
The other shining in his adverse State,
So that each stroke of Fortune does but seem
A step for his Heroick mind to climb,
Till he has got above her reach, and then
The Virtue she has try'd she'll love again;
Though I must truly moan their ill success,
I cou'd not wish *Eugenio* had done less.

Dian. Had their high *Virtue* the least doubt endur'd,
Even with their death it had been chearly cur'd:
But this brave Act is but to me and you,
A dangerous proof of what before we knew.

Alth. Though their true worth to us before were clear,
This

This Act has made it to the world appear,
None ever with that obstinacy lov'd,
But they were pleas'd to see their choice approv'd:
No joy compleat to worthy minds can seem,
Which is not height'n'd by the worlds esteem.

Dian. My heart, *Althea*, does less grieve it has
Ventur'd it's treasure in so lov'd a cause,
Then that *Philander* did not let me know
The danger he was like to undergo.

Alth. Sister, though Laws of Decency refuse
We shining Swords and glittering Armour use,
Yet a decision of what's right or wrong,
As well as mens, does to our minds belong;
And we best show it when we most approve
Those men that fight in Quarrels which we love:
Though they of Courage have the ruder part,
The Virtue may become a womans heart,
Though not her hand; and she that bravely dares
Expose her Love, sure for her life not care.
I knew *Eugenio* must that hazard run,
Nor could consent he shou'd the danger shun;
And had *Philander* the like thoughts of you,
He without doubt had dealt as freely too.

Dian. I must confess my Love could never yield,
That he a gen shou'd win in the field:
Let me the greatness of your mind admire,
Whilst I deplore the greatness of my fire,
A fire which lends no light, but that which serves
To shew how much what I expos'd deserves,
How much he hazards, and how far I am
From vent'ring him for the whole voice of Fame,
Whose danger had known, my Eyes, alas!
Had wept a Sea, he wou'd have fear'd to pass;
But we so long of ~~shrewd~~ ^{shrewd} pain,
As if no further mischief did remain,
And ~~Fate~~ ^{Fate} here had her whole malice spent,
And all the Arrows from her Quiver sent.

Alth. When Fate wou'd harm where Virtue does protect,

She

She does her guilt and impotence detect;
 She can but rob the Vertuous of that rest,
 She must restore again with interest,
 And all the danger of these Heroes past,
 Must needs consider their high worth at last.

Dian. What we desire, how fair we woud believe,
 And wish that Fortune knew not to deceive?
 But she profusely to some presents makes,
 And as unjustly from some others takes.
 I fear she's so much to their worth in debt,
 She'll nothing more, 'cause the whole's too great;
 Like Tyrants, when her Bounties still appear,
 Who give to few what they from many bear.

Altb. In the mean time I fear our cruel friends
 Will not consult our liking, but their ends;
 I know they'll press I should *Horatio* wed,
 And promise thee unto some Strangers bed.

Dian. They may such Matches as they please provide,
 But here I vow, I'll never be a Bride
 To any but *Philander*; in that Heart
 He taught to love, none else shall have a part.

Altb. I the like Vow to my *Eugenio* make,
 Which Fates worst malice shan't have power to break's
 As Trees expos'd to Storms take deeper root,
 Than those that do in peaceful Valleys grow;
 So in all Noble minds, a virtuous Love
 By opposition does the firmer prove.

Dian. 'Tis fit, *Altbea*, I now take my leave,
 Whilst you prepare *Horatio* to receive.

Altb. Farewell, *Diana*, and be sure you do,
 Nothing unworthy of your Love and Vow.

Exeunt Diana and Altbea severally to their several sides.

ACT.

When *Euse* *Enters* *alone* *from* *the* *right* *side*.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Sir Samuel Forecast, Althea, Jack Wildish, and Olivia.

Fore. Daughter, we are much beholding
The Portion I can give with you.
Deserve a man of past half his Fortune ;
Six thousand pounds a year, as Estate well
Wooded, and I am told very improveable,
It makes me young again to think on't :
Eugenio I never lik't, and as things stand
Now, am right glad we had no more to do
With him ; But that I am one whose
Affection and good will to the State has sufficiently
Manifested it self, I might be thought
To have a hand in their Design, and so have
Been put in the Tower, and had my Fortune
Seiz'd on : *Eugenio* shall never call a
Child of mine, Wife, as long as
I live.

Wild. But, Sir, your zeal to the Cause has put
You above those apprehensions.

Fore. You say right, Mr. Wildish, but we cannot
Be in this case too secure ; and I am resolv'd
Althea, to take off all suspition, shall out
Of hand marry with *Horatio*.

Alth. Sir, I hope you will allow me some
Time to dismiss *Eugenio* from my thoughts.

Wild. And, pray Sir, what prejudice, what
Exception have you to *Eugenio* ?

Fore. Originally this only, his Father made a
Purchase of some Land, that lay next hedge
To mine, and gave a thousand pounds more
Than it was worth, only to buy it over my head.

Think no more on him upon my blessing,
He is not the man he was; he had an Estate,
'Tis now sequester'd, he dare not show his
Head; and besides, I would not have a Son-in-
Law of his principles, for six times his fortune;
I shou'd be sorry to see any Child of mine
Solliciting her Husband's Composition at
A Committee.

Altb. Had I once had the relation of a Wife
To *Eugenio*, I should have thought nothing
A trouble that had become my Duty, and
Cou'd as cheerfully have shar'd an honourable
Suffering, as the most flourishing condition.

Fore. I charge you never receive visit, or
Message from him more, and tell your Sister
Diana, 'tis my pleasure she quit all
Correspondence with *Philander*.
They are both dangerous persons.

[Turns to *Wildish*.]
These young Wenches, Mr. *Wildish*, have less
Forecast than Pigeons, so they be billing, they
Look no farther; n're think of building their
Nests, nor what shall become of their little ones.

Wild. Sir, I think they're i'th' right, let 'um encrease
And multiply, and for the rest, trust him that set
'Um a work.

Fore. Mr. *Wildish*, you are a merry Gentleman, but
I'll tell you, Mrs. *Altbea*, as I have give a you
Life, I'll take care you shan't make it miserable.

Altb. Sir, the happiness of life lies not in wealth, in
Title, or in shew, but in the mind, which is not to
Be forc'd; and we are not the less Slaves for being
Bound in Chains of Gold: A marriage with
Horatio may make me appear happy to the
Envious world, but like those destructive
Arts, which, while they seem to aid, consume
Our native Beauties, indeed must prey upon
My inward peace.

Fore.

Fore. I'll warrant you peace within, and without too;
Horatio is a well natur'd proper Gentleman,
 And one that loves you.

Wild. Now there Sir *Samuel* I'm on your side,
 For so the Fan be play'd with, the hand kist;
 In fine, the passion handsomly discharg'd, 'tis
 No great matter who does it. As Children
 Cry after their old Nurses, but 'till they
 Are acquainted with their new: so young
 Ladies regret the loss of one Servant, but
 Till they have got the same familiarity
 With another; which, by the way, is seldom
 Long first.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there's a man out of *Pater-Noster*
 Row with Stuffs.

Fore. Bid him carry 'um into the next Room.
 Come *Althea*, let's in and look upon 'um.

[Ex. *Althea, and Sir Samuel.*

Mament Wildish and Olivia.

Oliv. We Women are ever sure of your good
 Word, Mr. *Wildish*; when you have a Mistress,
 I hope she'll deserve it from you in particular,
 And have in perfection all those good qualities
 You so liberally bestow upon the whole Sex, in
 Your Discourse.

Wild. Why, Madam, I thought you had understood
 Raillery; faith I have so good an opinion of the Sex
 I am ashamed to own it but to one of them in
 Private; this is only the way of talking I have
 Got among my Companions, where when we
 Meet over a Bottle of Wine, 'tis held as great
 A part of wit to ralilee women handsomly behind
 Their back, as to flatter 'um to their Faces;

Oliv. But why do you make us poor women the
 Subject of your mirth?

Wild. You are grown of late so uncharitable, and
 Villainous hard-hearted, are incompass'd with so
 Many difficulties, as decency, honour, and reputation,
 That we men that love our pleasure, begin to
 Hate you worse than Beggars do a Coach with
 The Glasses drawn up, despair of Relief, and fall
 A Railing.

Oliv. And if some kind-hearted wretch do chance
 To relieve one of you, like Beggars you tell it
 Presently, and send more; I warrant y'are fine
 Fellows, a woman is well help't up,
 That has one of you to her Servant.

Wild. Nay don't put me in among 'um, I am a
 Meer Apostate, though not resolute enough
 To endure the Martyrdoms of being continually
 Laught at by half a score of 'um: all that I
 Have done of late, has been meer compliance,
 As Papists go to Church for fear of the penalty.

Oliv. Pray, Sir, to what fair Saint do we owe your
 Conversion?

Wild. Faith there are many in the World now wou'd
 Make you guess this half hour, telling you
 First the colour of her hair, her age, her
 Country, and perhaps the first Letter of her name; I
 But I hate that way of fooling----tis your
 Self---whom I love.

Oliv. Impudent fellow! don't you expect I shou'd
 Forbid you the house, or at least, for punishment
 Of such rudeness, condemn your guilty passion
 To eternal silence and despair? what I men
 Have liv'd years in Desarts for their Mistresses
 Sake, and yet have trembled when they spoke
 Of love; which you venture at with as
 Little Ceremony, as you'd ask me how I
 Slept last night.

Wild. I know not what Romances order in
 This case, I never thought it would be mine,
 And so ha'n't much study'd it: but prithee don't

Baulk a young Beginner ; 'tis my first fault, and
So been't too severe, I shall relapse else
Beyond Redemption.

Oliv. Well, I'm content for once your ignorance
Shou'd plead your pardon.

Wild. Nay Mrs. *Olivia* consider me a little further ;
I have lost the pleasures of mirth, of Wine,
And Company ; all things that were before
Delightful to me, are no longer so ; my
Life is grown but one continu'd Thought of
Your fair self : and is a pardon all that I
Must hope for ?

Oliv. Come, leave your fooling, your old humour does
Better with you, a thousand times, then this
Whining Love. As there are some Perfumes
So strong, that they lose that name with
Most : So Complements may be so gross, that
They become injurious.

Wild. Why here's it now ; there are so many cheats
In this Trade of Love too, that like Beggars, the
The true go unreliev'd, because we meet with now
And then a counterfeit : on my life Mrs. *Olivia*,
The plenty I have ever liv'd in, puts me
As much out of countenance to ask a Charity
Of this kind, as I cou'd be ; should Fortune constrain
Me, to intreat one of the other ; and wou'd not
Trouble you, cou'd my pain admit redress
From any but your self.

Oliv. Sure, Mr. *Wildish*, you wou'd think I had
An excellent opinion of my self, or an implicite
Faith in whatever you say, shou'd I believe
All this now.

Wild. If I told a Chirurgeon, I had broke my leg,
Do you think he wou'd not take my word ?

Oliv. Yes sure.

Wild. Why shou'd not you take it then for a wounded
Heart ? they are neither of 'em matters to
Brag on ; and I wou'd no more lead the life
Of

Of a Lover if I were free, then I wou'd
That of a sick man if I were well.

Oliv. Methinks the sick men, as you call 'um, Live so like the well, as one can scarce know One from th' other.

Wild. In your Chamber, perhaps; but abroad we Find a thousand differences.

Oliv. As how, I pray?

Wild. Why, your true Lover leaves all Company When the Sport begins, the Table when the Bottles Are call'd for, the Gaming-house when the Cards come up; is more afraid of an Engagement, Than a Lawyer in Term-time; Wou'd less miss the last Act of a Play, the Park, Or indeed any abominable old Ladies, Where he may hope to see the party, then A young Wench can *Grayes-Inn-walks*, the First Sunday of her new Gown.

Oliv. What, is this all?

Wild. Not half: ask him to sup, he has business; Or if he promise, 'tis tento one he fails, and If he sees his Mistress, is so transported, that He forgets to send his Excuse; if he cannot Find her, and so chance to keep his word, Sits in such dismal Dumps, that he spoils The whole Company.

Oliv. And will you be such an Animal for my sake?

Wild. Faith I'm afraid so, but if not well us'd, I shall find the way home again.

Oliv. Whatever you think, Sir, I shall contribute No more to the keeping you my Servant, Then I did to the making you so.

Wild. Well, do but use as proper means to keep Me your Servant, as you have done to make Me so, and I am satisfied.

Oliv. Why, what means?

Wild. As your Beauty bred my Affection, So let your kindness nourish it.

Oliv.

Oliv. Mr. Wildish, you have been so pleasant
Upon this new Argument, that I had
Almost forgot my Visit to *Diana*.

Wild. I'm upon equal terms with you there;
For I have made *Ned Estridge* and *Harry*
Modish stay this half hour for me
At the French House: and so your Servant. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter *Althea*.

Alth. Under what Tyranny are Women born!
Here we are bid to love, and there to scorn;
As if unfit to be allow'd a part
In choosing him, that must have all our heart;
Or that our liking, like a head-strong beast,
Were made for nothing, but to be opprest;
And below them, in this regard we are,
We may not flye the cruelty we fear.
The Horse may shake the Rider from his back,
The Dog his hated Master may forsake;
Yet nothing of their native worth impair,
Nor any conscious sting about them bear.
But if a Virgin an Escape contrive,
She must for ever in dishonour live,
Condemn'd within her self, despis'd of all,
Into worse mischiefs then she fled from, fall.
Duty commands I shou'd *Horatio* wed,
Love does as strongly for *Eugenio* plead;
My mind, distracted thus, a storm abides
Like Seas, when winds blow full against their Tides.

Enter *Horatio*.

Hor. Madam, methinks you look not pleas'd; I fear
My hapless passion did too late appear
For my content; and only now can prove
The wretched Triumph of some elder Love.

But,

Madam, these words, sooth with a cruel art
 Where I less feel, and wound a mortal part ;
 With friendship and esteem you strive in vain,
 Kind Maid, to ease a Lover of his pain :
 For where your Beauty once has rais'd a flame,
 To offer less, and nothing, are the same.
 Love and Ambition of their aim deny'd,
 No other way can e're be satisfi'd.

Altb. You that cou'd faithless to *Victoria* prove,
 Methinks shou'd blush even at the name of Love,
 Her numerous Charms your loud accusers are,
 And call *Horatio* false, as she is fair.

Hor. You shou'd with pity, not displeasure see
 The change that your own self creates in me.
 The Roman Senate had their greatness worn
 Perhaps till now, had *Cæsar* n'er been born.
Darius self cou'd not his Persian's blame,
 Because that *Alexander* overcame.
 In Love like War, some Victor still there grows,
 Whose spreading Empire nothing can oppose.

Altb. Countries are fix'd, and cannot flye, although
 They apprehend a certain overthrow.
 Lovers, the force they can't oppose, might shew,
 And may with safety and with honour run.
 Who then would pity him that stays to dye,
 When Vertue and his Duty bid him flye?

Hor. *Altbea*, in Loves wars all Heroes are,
 Death does less terrible than flight appear,
 As Gamesters, when they lose, still deeper set,
 Helping ill Fortune to encrease their debt :
 So Lovers, when a Nymph gets half their heart,
 Themselves, alas, betray the other part.

Altb. *Victoria*'s wrangs my gratitude deter ;
 Your gifts to me are robberies from her.

Hor. I came at first, *Altbea*, 'tis most true,
 With Love to her, and but Respect to you,
 But, ah ! how soon within my tortur'd brest
 You of each others places are possesst !

Altb. Beauty, the wrongs of Beauty shou'd revenge,
And the fair punish, when the faithleſs change.

Hor. I change *Altbea*, but (as pious men
Become bleſt Saints) never to change agen.
If none your matchleſs Beauty muſt adore,
But ſuch alone as never lov'd before,
You do unjuſtly, and too high advance
In Love th' already too great power of chance :
Since that you shou'd their firſt affection be,
Let's you their Fortune, not their paſſion ſee.

Altb. It lets me ſee they falſhood never knew,
And gives me leave to hope they will be true.

Hor. Sure none can faithleſs to ſuch Beauty prove;
He that's in Heaven, can no higher move.

Altb. A Lovers Heaven in his Phantie lyes,
Which Beauty oft neglects, and oft supplies.

Hor. 'Tis not, *Altbea*, that you queſtion mine,
But 'tis *Eugenio*'s faith does brighter ſhine;
'Tis he that makes *Victoria*'s wrong your pain,
My Love a Crime, a Virtue your disdain.
These tales of falſhood, and of former Love,
Reproaches only, where we like not, prove.

Altb. *Horatio*, I am glad your diſ-reaſpect
Has turn'd ſo ſoon to Justice my neglect:
You that reproach me with a former Love,
Your ſelf unfit but for my anger prove. [Exit *Altbea*.]

Hor. O stay a while ! ſure you muſt joy to ſee
The torture you're ſo pleas'd to work in me ;
Not that I hope I ſhall your pity find,
But that the ſight may glut your cruel mind.
Nature inconstant to her own designs,
To a fair form a cruel temper joyns ;
She makes the heedleſs Lover kneel in vain,
And in Loves Temple, to adore Difdain. [Exit *Horatio*.]

Enter Sir Samuel Foreſt and Jack Wildiſh.

Fore. When am I to ſee your fair and wealthy
Cousin, Mr. Wildiſh ?

Wild.

Wild. This minute if you please, Sir.

Fore. I doubt you are not stirring in the business,
You do not lay the necessity of marrying
Home enough to her : I might have got
Access ere now else, and our Counsel
Have been drawing the Writings.

Wild. It must be done by degrees : if I shou'd
Have been too forward, it might have
Caus'd in her a suspicion of my purpose,
And so my worthy Friend Sir *Samuel* have
Come to her upon some prejudice,
Which I wou'd not for half her Fortune.

Fore. Pray, Mr. *Wildish*, is she so concern'd for
Her late Husband as the world talks ?

Wild. Ten times more ; looks upon his Picture
All day long, as earnestly as if she were
To copy it ; since he dy'd, has us'd no Pocket-
Handkerchers, but what was made of his old Shirts,
And wets two a day of 'um with her tears ;
Because he dy'd on a Monday, fasts that day
Of the week ; takes none into her Service
But *Thomas*es, because 'twas his Christian
Name, and has now sent into *Wales* for a
Thomas ap *Thomas* to be her Gentleman-usher.

Fore. 'Tis strange she shou'd so affect his name !
What think you then, if you call'd me
Sir *Thomas Forecast* ?

Wild. Faith, Sir, what you please ; but I think
It will be altogether needless, and if she shou'd
Come to discover, it might spoil all, s'light,
She might mistrust your particular, if the
Shou'd find you put a trick upon her in
Your name.

Fore. Well, I'l be rul'd by you, Mr. *Wildish*,
You know her humour best.

Wild. I can't but think how she'l look upon
Me when I talk to her of another Husband ;
But I'l venture, Sir *Samuel*, to serve you.

Come let's away, her House is here hard by.

[They enter the Widow's house]

VVild. I shew the way, Sir.

[They find her looking upon her Husband's Picture, and does not see him.]

Fore. Excellent woman, she sees us not! O the
Endless treasure of a virtuous Wife!
It extends even to our memories, and
Pictures.

[Widow goes up, and speaks to her]

VVild. Madam, here is Sir *Samuel Forecast*
Come to wait on you.

VVid. Sir, I hope you'll pardon me, if I have
Let my grief employ any part of that time
Which was due to my acknowledgment for
This favour; you were my Husband's friend,
And as such will ever be most welcome to me;
And though his too scrupulous kindness allow'd
Me not the acquaintance, scarce the sight of
Any man; yet I did always place a value
Where he gave his esteem; especially,
So highly as he did to you.

Fore. Madam, I am much bound to you for your
Good opinion, and come to condole with you:
Your Husband was an honest, prudent, and a
Wealthy Gentleman, kept good hours, and even
Reckonings, lov'd me well, and we have drank
Many a Dish of Coffee together.

VVid. Sir, whilst you repeat his virtues, you do
But count my loss, and telling me how good
He was, makes me but more sensibly want him.

Fore. He and I were just of an age, and when
We were Boys, of a strength.

VVid. And what of that, Sir?

VVild. Why, Cousin it makes me think that Sir
Samuel would make as loving a Husband
To you, as your last was, and I'll swear it
Troubles me heartily to see my pretty Coz.

Here not yet out of danger of smooth-fac't
Younger Brothers, such as marry Wives only
To keep Wenches, and never bring 'em to Town
But to pass away some part of their Estates.

Fore. Some such there are ; but Heaven bless the
Estate, and Widow of my good Friend your
Husband out of such hands.

Wid. Now I have brought you together,
I'll leave you ; Cousin, you are not afraid to
Be left alone with Sir Samuel ? [Exit.]

Wid. I know his Virtue, and my own too well.

Fore. Don't you find, Madam, business very troublesome ?

Wid. I do indeed, and have the misfortune to be
Involv'd in it.

Fore. Have you many Law-suits ?

Wid. But one considerable, which being with
A man in power, in these corrupt times,
A Woman unfriended and unknown as I am,
Must expect to lose.

Fore. Of what value ?

Wid. Five thousand pounds ; I shall have enough
Left however, to make me happy with a man
That loves me.

Fore. Enough left ? such another word wou'd
Make me foreswear, not only thee but thy
Whole Sex ; five thousand pounds well dispos'd,
Why I tell thee, 'tis able to procure us Judgments
On half the young Prodigals of this Age ; thou
And I might live comfortably on the forbearance
Money, and let the Interest run on.

Wid. I did but put the worst, not that I doubt my
Title, if I have common Justice.

Fore. No, thou shalt secure thy Title, I am a
Near Kinsman to the Judge, and a by way to
His favour.

Wid. How do you mean ?

Fore. Why I have many times bought a thousand
Pounds worth of other mens Lands of him
For a hundred.

Wid.

Wid. I wou'd not corrupt Justice for a world.

Fore. What agen Widow? nay then I perceive

Thou do'st it on purpose to lose my heart;

But to say truth, it were unreasonable

To expect thy tender years shou'd understand

The true worth of money, so far, that for its sake

To trample on those unprofitable and foolish principles

The honourable Beggars of former times Govern'd their

Lives by: But thou wilt one day know, that

Age hath its beauties too, as well as youth, and

More universally ador'd.

Wid. Gravity and Wisdom, Sir, I know men may
Expect, but our Sex has no pretence to them.

Fore. No, wealth and power, Widow, which awe the grave
And wife; Gold and Silver are the best red and white;
The other, every Milk-Maid may boast equal with
A Countess.

*Enter Sir John Everyoung, Modish, and Estridge, with
Fiddles playing.*

Wid. What rude fellow's that?

Ever. Hold, let's parlee first.

[To the Musick]

Faith, Widow, one that loves you but too well.

Wid. Love me! upon what acquaintance? I ne're
Saw your face before in my days.

Ever. And do'st thou like it now?

VVid. Not so well as your self, you may be confident.

Ever. All this shan't cross my honest purpose,

Came in meer charity to prevent thy ruine;

And if thou be'st not lost to all sence and reason,

Nay, even all natural appetite, I'le do't.

VVid. I know no ruine ne'er, this is the worst
Accident has befalln me a good while.

Ever. Hear me but out, and thou shalt bless it;

Canst thou be such a Traytor to flesh and blood,

As to count it nothing to be join'd to that old Trunk

There? if he encrease or multiply, it

Mult

Must be thy Bags ; Interest, and Broakage
Are his best Instruments,

Vivid. You don't consider that all this might be
As well apply'd to your sweet self.

Ever. Yes, most properly, why 'tis that makes me
Hate Matrimony, and puts me at distance
With, To have and to hold ; I confess my Tick
Is not good, and I never desire to Game for more than
I have about me. Now second me.

Mod. The minute you marry, Widow, you are
Not worth a Groat, all is your Husband's ;
And if hereafter you shall come to a fence
Of your unequal choice, and endeavour to
Repair it in some young and worthy friend ;
The old Gentleman takes pet, turns you over
To a tedious suit for Alimony, which your
Friend furnishes you with money to follow,
For a while, and in times grows weary of it
Himself.

Estr. Then like an old Gamester, that has lost all
He has upon the square, your only way is
To turn Rook and play upon advantage.

Vivid. Why, do you know these Gentlemen ?
Fore. I, to my shame, the Ring-leader of 'em is my
Brother, there is no remedy but patience.

Vivid. Gentlemen, you talk at a strange rate
For the first time ; but whom ever I marry
My vertue will secure him of my constancy.

Mod. Pray Madam, don't prophane that honourable
Name ; 'tis meer obstinacy to an old man,
A fault methinks you have too ingenious a
Countenance to be guilty of.

Ever. If thou should'st be so improvident, as to
Neglect the comfort of a Gallant, thou'l never
'Scape the scandal, having such a Husband.

Mod. If you are preoile, Madam, they'l give you
Your Chaplain ; if you love busines, your
Lawyer ; if you keep a Gentleman-Usher,

You

You are undone. *Wid.* You are undone. *Wid.* You are undone.
Estr. If you take some honest Gentleman
 (Which by my troth I think is your best
 Course) upon the first hard journey, as the world
 Goes now, 'tis ten to one he falls lame of an
 Old bruise.

Wid. You are very tender of my credit, if you
 Had been as careful Gentlemen, of your own
 Sobriety, I fear I had mist all this good Counsel.

Ever. O! are you edified? it is good counsel then
 And for the warmth that ripen'd us to this care
 Of thee, be thankful, and enquire no further.
 But Brother, methinks you are over serious
 For a man that comes a Sutering.

Widd. He does not find your mirth take so well.

Wild. Slight here's Sir John Everyoung, he'll spoil
 All, if I don't take him off instantly.

[*Wild*: goes out, and brings in three of the
 Widows Maids.]

Fore. Brother, Brother, these frolics do you
 No right in the eye of the World.

Ever. Hang the world, give me the pretty, black-eye
 Of the Widdow.

[*Wild*. Gentlemen, here's work for you, d'ye see?]

Ever. A muss, a muss! You see, *Wildish*, we found the House, though
 You wou'd not tell us where it was, 'tis
 Dangerous to give a hint to men of our parts.
 Brother, take your Widdow, show her that
 You are so far qualified towards a Bridegroom,
 As to lead a Country Dance.

Widd. I'll have no dancing in my House.

Fore. You see they are a little merry, humer, 'um
 In this, they'll be gone the sooner.

Wid. Well, Sir *Samuel Forester*, any thing

To serve you.

[They Dance, and Forecast steals away.

Mod. Sir Samuel gone?

Ever. Faith then the sport's at the best, let's all be gone:
Farewel Widow, I have done my part, if
Thou fallest now, say thou hadst fair warning.

[Ex. omnes.

A C T . I I I . S C E N E . I .

Enter Eugenio, and Philander.

Eug. Dear friend, I am in doubt whether I shall
This scape, a blessing, or misfortune, call;
Since now I live to hear, *Althea* must
Be to her Duty, or to me unjust.
Ye Powers that were so kind, my life to spare,
Oh why was not my Love as much your care?
You sav'd my life, that I might live to feel
Despair can wound as mortally as Steel:
My cause till now my antidote has been,
'Gainst all the mischief it cou'd plunge me in;
The strictest Prison, I have freedom thought,
And been on Scaffolds without terror brought.
But these few words (*Althea* is a Bride)
More wound my Soul, than can the world beside.

Phil. Why does *Eugenio* Fancies entertain,
That are *Althea's* wrongs, and his own pain?
Like Boys, who in the dark, strange shapes, create
In their own brain, themselves to tremble at:
Despair's the portion of the damn'd below,
And in a generous mind shou'd never grow;
Trust to *Althea's* virtue, trust her love,
And you will safe in either of 'em provide.

You are undone. *Wild*. Sir, If you take some honest Gentleman (Which by my troth I think is your best Course) upon the first hard journey, as the world Goes now, 'tis ten to one he falls lame of an Old bruise.

Wid. You are very tender of my credit, if you Had been as careful, Gentlemen, of your own health and Sobriety, I fear I had mist all this good Counsel.

Ever. O! are you edified? it is good counsel then And for the warmth that ripen'd us to this care Of thee, be thankful, and enquire no further. But Brother, methinks you are over serious For a man that comes a Surveying.

Widd. He does not find your mirth take so well.

Wild. Slight here's Sir John Everyoung, he'll spoil All, if I don't take him off instantly.

[*Wild*: goes out, and brings in three of the Widows Maids.]

Fore. Brother, Brother, these frolics do you No right in the eye of the World.

Ever. Hang the world, give me the pretty black-eye Of the Widdow.

Wild. Gentlemen, here's work for you, and a merriment.

Ever. A muss, a muss! You see, *Wild*, we found the House, though

You woud not tell us where it was, 'tis Dangerous to give a hint to men of our parts.

Brother, take your Widdow, show her that You are so far qualified towards a Bridegroom, As to lead a Country Dance.

Widd. I'll have no dancing in my House.

Fore. You see they are a little merry, bumer 'um In this, they'll be gone the sooner.

Wid. Well, Sir *Samuel Forester*, any thing

To serve you.

[They Dance, and Forecast steals away.

Mod. Sir Samuel gone?

Ever. Faith then the sport's at the best, let's all be gone:

Farewel Widow, I have done my part, if

Thou fallest now, say thou hadst fair warning.

[Ex. omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eugenio, and Philander.

Eug. Dear friend, I am in doubt whether I shall

This Since now I live to Be to her Duty, Ye Powers that v Oh why was not You sav'd my life Despair can wou My cause till now 'Gainst all the mi The strictest Prit And been on Sc But these few w More wound my Soul, than can the world beside.

FOXING

Phil. Why does *Eugenio* Fancies entertain, That are *Althea's* wrongs, and his own pain & Like Boys, who in the dark, strange shapes, create In their own brain, themselves to tremble at: Despair's the portion of the damn'd below, And in a generous mind shou'd never grow; Trust to *Althea's* virtue, trust her love, And you will safe in either of 'em provide.

F

Eng.

You are undone. If you take some honest Gentleman
(Which by my troth I think is your best
Course) upon the first hard journey, as the world
Goes now, 'tis ten to one he falls lame of an
Old bruise.

Wid. You are very tender of my credit, if you
Had been as careful, Gentlemen, of your own
Sobriety, I fear I had mist all this good Counsel.

Ever. O! are you edified? it is good counsel then
And for the warmth that ripen'd us to this care
Of thee, be thankful, and enquire no further.
But Brother, methinks you are over serious
For a man that comes a Sutering.

Widd. He does not find your mirth take so well.

Wild. Slight here's Sir John Everyoung, he's spoilt busi' All,
if I don't take him off instantly.

[Wild goes out, and brings in three of the
Widow's Maids.

Fore. Brother, Brother, these frolics do you
No right in the eye of the World.

Ever. Hang the world, give me the pretty, black-eye
Of the Widdow.

Wild. Gentlemen, here's work for you.

Ever. A mus, a mus! You see, Wild, we found the House, though
You woud not tell us where it was, 'tis
Dangerous to give a hint to men of our parts.
Brother, take your Widdow, show her that
You are so far qualified towards a Bridegroom,
As to lead a Country Dance.

Widd. I'le have no dancing in my House.

Fore. You see they are a little merry, humer' um
In this, they'le be gone the sooner.

Wid. Well, Sir ~~Samuel~~ Forecaſt, any thing

To serve you.

[They Dance, and Forecast steals away.

Mod. Sir Samuel gone?

Ever. Faith then the sport's at the best, let's all be gone:

Farewel Widow, I have done my part, if

Thou fallest now, say thou hadst fair warning.

[Ex. omnes.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Eugenio, and Philander.

Eng. Dear friend, I am in doubt whether I shall
 This scape, a blessing, or misfortune, call;
 Since now I live to hear, *Althea* must
 Be to her Duty, or to me unjust.
 Ye Powers that were so kind, my life to spare,
 Oh why was not my Love as much your care?
 You sav'd my life, that I might live to feel
 Despair can wound as mortally as Steel:
 My cause till now my antidote has been,
 'Gainst all the mischief it cou'd plunge me in;
 The strictest Prison, I have freedom thought,
 And been on Scaffolds without terror brought.
 But these few words (*Althea* is a Bride)
 More wound my Soul, than can the world beside.

Phil. Why does *Eugenio* Fancies entertain,
 That are *Althea's* wrongs, and his own pain?
 Like Boys, who in the dark, strange shapes, create
 In their own brain, themselves to tremble at:
 Despair's the portion of the damn'd below,
 And in a generous mind shou'd never grow;
 Trust to *Althea's* virtue, trust her love,
 And you will safe in either of 'em/prov'de your self but.

Eug. But sure no friend could so my quiet hate,
As this Report, of nothing, to create.

Phil. Perhaps her Father does no less intend,
And she, a while, her Answer may suspend.
Not that her vertue doubts, what it shall do,
But that she may gain time to speak with you:
Every black Cloud does not with Thunder swell,
Nor every symptom a Disease foretell.
Some storms blow over; though thy Fate appear
Thus gloomy now, anon it may be clear.

Eug. It may, but who can unconcerned be,
A Tempest heard, and his whole wealth at Sea?
I with more ease all other harms cou'd bear,
Than of *Althea's* loss but simply hear.

Phil. All that we hear, we are not to believe.

Eug. Our hopes do oftner, than our fears deceive.

Phil. The advantage man o're Beasts in Reason gets
He pays with interest in fond conceits;
They cannot fear misfortune till it fall,
And when 'tis gone remember't not at all:
But man 'gainst his own Rest in Battel plac'd,
Feels mischiefs ere they come, and when they're past,
The smiles of Fortune you so false have found,
Methinks, you shou'd not mind her when she frown'd:
How wou'd *Althea's* Vertues grieve to find
Themselves suspected in *Eugenio's* mind?
Like Princes murder'd on the Royal Throne,
Where 'till that minute they had brightest shone.

Eug. Sure my *Althea* cannot disapprove
The fears that spring but from excess of love,
Of love and courage none too much can share.

Phil. But 'tis their use, that does their worth declare,
Courage, when brutal, ceases to be brave,
And love, grown jealous, can no merit have.

Eug. A higher mark of love there cannot be,
We doubt no Lover, whom we jealous see.

Phil. So Fevers are of life sure proofs we know,
And yet our lives they often overthrows.

Diseases,

Diseases, though well cund, our bodies mar,
And fears, although remov'd, our loves impair :
True love, like health, should no disorder know.

Eug. But who, alas ! such love, or health can show ?
Our passions, like our selves, are fram'd to dye,
And have still something they must perish by ;
We none (brave friend) for being hapless blame,
But all allow, 'tis baseness to be tame ;
He that has rais'd this Tempest in my mind,
Shall in the Billows his own ruine find ;
I'll fight him instantly, and make him know,
I am not more his Rival than his Foe.

Phil. Thy life, alas (dear friend) 's no longer thine,
Thou hast engag'd it in a brave design :
Thy bleeding Country, and thy Princes Right,
Are th' only Quarrels that thy Sword shou'd fight,
If you into the Tyrant's hands shou'd fall,
Twou'd pull a sudden ruine on us all.
Which, if you stir, we may have cause to fear,
Since Tyrants Eyes and Hands are every where.

Eug. Now thou hast touch'd me in the tenderest part,
Though Love possess, Honour must rule my heart ;
My Nation's Fate's too great a Sacrifice
For me to make, though to *Althea's* Eyes ;
No, I am calm'd, and happy am to have
A friend so full of temper when I rave,
And hope the gods, whilst I my own neglect,
To fight their Quarrel, will my Love protect. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Victoria and Olivia.

Vis. Sister, I doubt we are a little too free with
Our Servants, this *Modish*, and his friend
Estridge : few Plays gain Audience by being
In Print, and fewer women get Husbands by
Being too much known.

Oliv. But ours are most accomplish'd Mounsieurs,
Must be assaulted on all parts e're they'll yield & ~~quoth~~ ~~quoth~~ ~~quoth~~
Must have their Ears charm'd as well as Eyes ~~that~~ ~~that~~ ~~that~~
'Twere ill husbandry in a Mercer to be thrifty. ~~le~~ ~~old~~ ~~and~~ ~~you~~
In his Patterns, it often disparages a good stuff; ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
And too great reserv'dness in one of us, especially ~~at~~ ~~at~~ ~~at~~
At the first, might give a discouragement to our ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Further Acquaintance.

Viſt. Now might I have my wish, I wou'd come ~~in~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~all~~
All new, nay my voice and ~~name~~ shou'd not ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Be known; where I wou'd be lik'd, I wou'd have ~~that~~ ~~that~~ ~~that~~ ~~that~~
The few Charms I am Mistress of, make their ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Assault at an instant, all at one time: ~~now~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~ ~~and~~
For sure *Horatio* did their power subdue, ~~in~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
By conquering one, e're he another knew.

Oliv. Eye Sister, think no more of him; but to the ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Matter in hand, who ever caught any thing ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
With a naked hook? nothing venture, nothing ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Win, and for my part I am resolv'd to allow ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
All innocent liberty; this Matrimony is a ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Pill will scarce down with a young man ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Without gilding; let *Estridge* believe I am ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
In love with him, and when he leaves me, ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
He'll find I am not.

Enter to them Wildish.

Wild. So he will, when he marrys you, or I am ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Deceiv'd, Madam.

Viſt. What, turn'd Eaves-Dropper, Mr. *Wildish*?

Wild. No Ladys, but your heads are so taken up with
These Heirs Apparent, that you can't see a ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Younger Brother when he comes into the Room.

Oliv. Not when our backs are towards him; but ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Otherwise as an elder, any where, but before ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
A Parson.

Wild. You are in the right; Jointure, and allowance ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
For Cloaths, have clearly got the better off; Dear ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~ ~~it~~
Madam

Madam, I consider not your Portion, but your Person ; give your Estate where you please, So you will but settle your affection upon me, My Fate depends upon your Answer ; and the like Artillery of unlanded Lovers : But I never Repine at that ; for fine Women, like great Tables, though they are maintain'd by men Of Fortunes, are ever open to men of parts.

Oliv. Why now, *Wildish*, you talk like your self Again ; ever since I saw you last, I have Been in most terrible apprehension Whining Copy of Verses.

Wild. Expectation you mean, Madam, but 'tis Not come to that yet ; though I talk a little Extravagantly when I see you, I am not so Through pac't a Lover, but I can express My self in Prose.

Vict. But you, being a new Convert, can't give Too many marks of your Devotion : and I shou'd Mistrust I were not as I ought to be in my Servants heart, if I did not run sometimes In his head, and then Verses follow infallibly.

Wild. Faith, Madam, that's much as the head lyes, There are some you may search every cranny Over, and not find three Rimes ; very good Lovers too ; and to say truth, 'tis unreasonable A man shou'd be put to seek fresh words To express that to his Mistress, which has Been as well said already by some body else ; I think 'tis very fair if he set his hand To't, and that I am ready to do to the most Passionate Copy of Verses you can find.

Oliv. How much Love and Constancy Will you engage for then ?

Wild. As much as you can find in that Paper there.

He gives a Paper to Olivia, she gives it to Victoria.

Oliv. Sister, here read 'um, I shall put the Accent

In the wrong place, stop out of time, or
One mischief or other, and so put my poor
Servant into an Agony.

Wild. To a very young Lady. *Wild.* *Reads the Title.*

Oliv. That's I, *Wildish:* come, you have been
Dabbling; proceed, Sister, I fear 'um not, I have
No more pity on a Rhyming Lover, than on
A Beggar that begs in a Tone.

Wild. Are not these Verses somewhat
Too weak to allone?

Wild. Faith, Madam, I am of your mind, put a
Tune to 'um, 'tis an easie Stanza.

Victoria sings.

Ab Cloris! that I now could fit

As unconcern'd, as when

Your Infant Beauty cou'd beget

No pleasure, nor no pain.

2.

When I the Dawn us'd to admire,

And prais'd the coming day;

I little thought the growing fire

Must take my Rest away.

3.

Your Charms in harmless Childhood lay,

Like metals in the mine,

Age from no face took more away,

Then Youth conceal'd in thine.

4.

But as your Charms insensibly

To their perfection prest,

Fond Love as unperceiv'd did flye,

And in my Bosom rest.

5.

My passion with your Beauty grew,

And Cupid at my heart,

Still as his mother favour'd you,

Threw a new flaming Dart.

Each

6.

Each glori'd in their mansion part

To make a Lover be

Employ'd the utmost of his Art,

To make a Beauty see.

7.

Though now I slowly bend to love

Uncertain of my Fate,

If your fair self my Chains approve,

I shall my freedom hate.

8.

Lovers, like dying men, may well

At first disorder'd be,

Since none alive can truly tell

What Fortune they must see.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. There's an old Gentleman below in a Chair

Enquires for Mr. Wildish; as fine as an Emperour,

My Master Sir John is no body to him; as he

Peep'd through the glass, I thought it was Sir

Samuel Forecast.

Vic. It is impossible it shou'd be he.

Wild. Yes faith it is Ladies, I am privy to the plots.

Oliv. Good Mr. Wildish bring him up,

I wou'd give any thing to see him.

Wild. Do you step into that Closet then; for I

Must swear the Coast is clear: set the door a

Little open, and you may see him perfectly,

His Bravery on my word is not design'd

For this place, and he is so politick, that

He will think your seeing him may be

A prejudice to his design.

Wildish goes out, and brings in

Sir Samuel Forecast.

Wild. Sir Samuel, now you shine indeed; my

Cousin will be ravish'd to see you transform

You'r

Your self thus for her sake.

Fore. She is a tender piece, and though her discretion
Helps her to conceal it, in her heart cannot
But love a little Bravery ; I have two Laces
In a Seam more than my Brother *Everyoung*,
And a Yard more in my Cravat.

Wild. Nay, you are most exact, and in this dress
Methinks not unlike Sir *John*.

Fore. I came only to show my self to you, and
Am for my Widow presently ; shall I have
Your Company ?

Wild. I have a little business here, but I'll
Be with you by that time you are there, I see
You came in a Chair.

Fore. Do you think I had a mind to have the Boys
Follow me in the streets ? pray be secret, Mr.
Wildish, for I wou'd have no body know I am
In this Dress, but your self, and your fair Cousin,
For a world : and therefore I will make haste
From hence, do you follow me according
To your promise. [Exit.]

Wild. I shall, Sir *Samuel*.

Oliv. I never saw a City-Bridegroom so friz'd,
So lac'd, so perfum'd, and so powder'd in my life.

Vict. I think verily he was painted too, I vow
I shou'd not have known his Worship, if
You had not given us a hint of his Bravery before.

Wild. Well, I must recover my old Knight
Farewel Ladies.

Oliv. Pray be here anon, and give us an account
Of this Adventure.

Vict. Certainly it must be very pleasant.

Wild. I shall obey you, Ladies. [Exit Wildish.]

Enter *Everyoung*, *Victoria*, and *Olivia*
laughing.

Ever. Hey-day ! what, are the Girls mad ?

Vict. No, Sir, but I think my Uncle *Forecaft's*
Little better.

Ever.

Ever. Why, what of him?

Oliv. He is, Sir, at this time the greatest Spark in London, drest so like you, that if his condition Requir'd it, I shou'd think, Sir, he were going To a Scrivener to personate you for a good Sum.

Ever. Well, I'll handsel his new Cloaths, and put him As much out of conceit with Bravery as ever He was in his life. Boy, call in the three Prentices were brought before me for breaking Windows last night.

Enter three Prentices.

I suppose, young men, you wou'd not scruple At a small piece of service to the man that Shou'd procure your Liberties.

Omn. Free us, and command us any thing.

Ever. Well then follow me, and when I shew You a certain Chair, take the Gentleman Out of it, and cudgel him ; I'll be at a little Distance, and if you want help, be ready to Assist you : be sure you call him Sir *John Everyyoung*, and tell him of a Lady he affronted.

1 Prent. We shall call him what you please, Sir, And beat him as much as you please.

Exit Victoria and Olivia.

SCENE changes.

Forecast coming by in his Chair.

Ever. That's the Chair.

They take out Forecast, and cudgel him.

Fore. If you have humanity, if you had Women To your Mothers, be more merciful, Gentlemen, I never injur'd you, nor saw any Of you in my life.

Prent. I perceive, Sir *John Everyyoung*, you have Forgot the affront you did a Lady last night.

Fore. What affront, Sir, what Lady ?

Pren. The affront, Sir, was a great affront, and
The Lady, a great Lady, that thinks fit to
Have you beaten for't.

Fore. You mistake, Gentlemen, you mistake,
For as I am a true Servant to the State,
I never did kindness or injury to any Lady
Since I was in Commission.

2 Pren. A true Servant to the State, and a man in
Authority! he shall have three kicks more for that!

Enter Estridge and Modish.

Estr. What, three upon one! who're he be,
The Cause becomes a Gentleman
Let's rescue him at all adventures.

They draw, the Prentices run away.

Fore. Estridge and Modish! nay then I am utterly
Undone, I have only scap'd a little there
Beating, to be laugh'd at as long as I live.

Estr. Sir, we are very happy that our occasions
Led us this way, since it has given us an
Opportunity of serving a Gentleman,
Especially oppress'd by odds.

Fore. I shall take some other time, if you will
Let me know where to wait on you, to give
You thanks for this your seasonable
Assistance: now, Gentlemen, my hurts
Require a Chirurgeon.

Mod. Nay, Sir, take your Hat and Sword along
With you; there they be. [He looks a little
I never heard any man speak so
Like Sir Samuel Forecast in my life.

Estr. But he is drest very like Everyyoung,
A meer medly between the two Brothers;
But we'll see who he is before we go.

Mod. Have you receiv'd any hurt in your
Face, that you cover it with your Handkercher?

Fore. A slight one only.

Estr.

Estr. I have Sympathy-powder about me, if
You will give me your handkercher while
The blood is warm, will cure it immediately.

Modilah snatches it off, and discovers him.

Estr. Sir *Samuel Forecast*, why do you hide your
Self thus from your friends? we expected
Nothing for our pains, neither is your
Hurt so dangerous, but it might endure the Air.

Mod. Methinks you shou'd rather have hid
Your self from your Enemies; but, Sir
Samuel, whatever the matter is, I never
Saw a man so fine in all my life.

Fore. Now the Broakers take all fine Cloaths,
And the Gaol all that love 'em; they have
Help't me to fine beating.

Estr. Why do you think the Rogues wou'd have
Had more mercy on your high crown'd Hat,
Black Cap, and Boots.

Fore. No, but they took me for my Brother
Everyoung, who it seems, has lately affronted
A Lady, and I suffer for it.

Mod. The best advice we can give you, is to
Go home and shift, for fear of more mishaps.

Estr. Farewel, Sir *Samuel*. *Exeunt omnes.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I. The Mulberry-Garden.

Enter Jack Wildish.

Wild. I Was to blame no earlier to use my self
To these Women of Honour, as they call 'em;
For now like one that never practis'd swimming,
Upon the first occasion I am lost; there are men
Would have fool'd with *Olivia*, and fool'd her too;
Perhaps by this time, without ever engaging.

In one serious thought : your good Fencer always
 Thrusts in Guard, he's but a Novice that receives
 Hit for hit : this *Modish* and *Estridge*, I know,
 Not what to make of their continual Villies,
 Methinks Love and Jealousie come too quick
 Upon a man in one day.

Enter Modish and Estridge.

Here come the men, they are open enough to
 Let me know all at large ; but I wou'd fain
 Contrive it, that the Ladies might be witnesses
 Of their Servants most invincible secrecy ;
 I'll steal off ere I am seen, and think o't.

Enter Victoria and Olivia, as he goes.
 out he meets 'em.

Wild. Slip into that Arbour, Ladies, and trust me
 For once for a quarter of an hours diversion.

Oliv. Pray, Sister, let us go, he has somewhat in
 His head, I'm confident.

He puts them into an Arbour, and
meets Modish in a Walk.

Wild. Your Servant, *Modish*.

Mod. O your Servant !

Estr. Your Servant, Mr. *Wildish*.

Wild. What, is there store of Game here, Gentlemen ?

Mod. Troth little, or none, a few Citizens that
 Have brought their Children out to air 'em,
 And eat Cheese-cakes.

Wild. I thought this place had been so full of
 Beauties, that like a *Pack of Hounds in a Hare*,
 Warren, you cou'd not hunt one for another :
 What think you of an Arbour and a Bottle of Rhenish.

Wildish brings 'em to the next Arbour to the Ladies.

Estr. I like the motion well.

Wild. And how go the Ladies ? will they go abroad
 Alone ? are they come to kissing yet ?

Estr. What Ladies ?

Wild. Why, Sir John's Daughters, the Ladies.

Mod. You are merry, Mr. *Wildish*.

Wild.

Wild. I should be so indeed, if it were with me
As it is with you, *Gentlemen*, that have two
Such fine *Women* in love with you, and every
Night sitting up together till morning.

Mod. I go only to entertain *Victoria* in meer
Friendship to *Ned Estridge*; 'tis he that is the
Happy man.

Estr. 'Tis a part of friendship that you discharge
Very willingly, and very effectually, for
Sometimes we see neither of you in an hour;
And then you return, exclaiming against the
Heat of the weather, and cruelty of your *Mistress*.

Wild. What, that she kept him a little too hard
To't, or so?

Mod. Fye, *Wildish*, they are women of honour.

Wild. Well, here's their health, to make 'um amends.
And, faith they lose none with me, in being
Civil to an honest *Gentleman*, 'tis the only
Wealth is left poor women to exercise
Their good nature with. A friend at Court may
Get you a place, a General of an Army give
You an Employment, a Bishop a Church-Living,
And a fair Lady a good turn; every one in their
Way, and I hold him ungrateful that burys
An obligation of any sort in silence: besides
'Twere meer robbery to your friends, not to
Let u'm rejoice in your good fortune.

Mod. But say I have made a vow to the contrary;
Not that there is, or ever was, any such good
Fortune; and womens favours, like the gifts
Of Fairies, if once spoke of, vanish.

Wild. O' your Servant, what say you *Estridge*?
Are you under a vow too, or are the favours
You have receiv'd, yet, only such as the hope
Of further obliges you to secrecy for a while?
But you are so serious, I doubt you intend
To commit matrimony.

Estr. Not as long as I can have simple form.

Cation for love or money: I am not for those
Ladies that deal by whole-sail, a bit off the
Spit serves my turn as well as the whole Joint,
And methinks has a prettier relish.

Wild. That is, metaphorically saying, you have
Sped with your Mrs.---my service [Drinks to him.]
To you, rememb'ring the Bit off the Spit.
And how, is she buxam? does she think happiness
Consists in motion, or in rest? what Sect of
Philosophers is she of?

Estr. A Pythagorean; I, Sir, in all these cases say
Nothing.

Wild. Nay, you had as good speak out now, and
Make me your confident.

Modish takes Estridge aside.

Mod. Jack Wildish is an honest fellow, 'tis not a
Pins matter what we say to him; and they are
Two of the prettiest women in Town: it sounds
Handsomly, to boast some familiarity, you
Understand me: he knows 'um not, and will
Never find us out; I'll begin with him:—
I wonder, Wildish, we could never get you along
With us; the Ladies have not vow'd virginity,
They are no such Bugbears as you take 'um for.

Wild. I take 'um for honest women, or which is
E'ne as bad, pretenders to it.

Estr. There is no harm in pretending to it, that
Like a high price, only serves to keep off
Ill Company.

Wild. Yes, yes, I know what kind of cattel they are.
Well enough, there's no having a simple Kifs
Amongst 'um without a journey into the
Country; nor getting 'um abroad without a Sister,
Or a Cousin at least, and then they must be at
Home too by ten a Clock, have the Syllabubs, and
Tarts, brought into the Coach to 'um; drink more

Sugar

Sugar than wine, and so foul all the Glasses, put
You to four or five pound charge, and let you
See nothing but themselves, that's man's meat
For't; I have been once or twice plagu'd
With such Animals as these.

Mod. Can't thou imagine, *Wildish*, we wou'd fool
Away our time with such shadows of women
As thou describ'st? we have solid and substantial
Pleasures.

Wild. What? a Riband, or a lock of hair, I warrant.

Mod. No, two young juicy Girls, that stick as
Close to us, as the Bark to the tree, and part as
Unwillingly from us, as green fruit does from the
Stone; and all this through the reputation of sober
And discreet Servants to their pleasure: If such
A scandalous fellow as thou come into the House
Without our introduction, the Ladies wou'd cry out,
O my Honour! as far as they cou'd see thee.

Wild. Methinks, Sir *John Everyyoung* (an old smell-
Smock as he is) shou'd take the alarm, and so
Remove these so juicy Girls.

Estr. I hope you don't think we meant his Daughters
All this while? (that were a trick indeed)
We speak of two Ladies that shall be nameless.

Wild. Faith, Gentlemen, I can speak of none such,
For all my acquaintance have two or three
Names apiece. I assure you.

Mod. Well Jack, to return your civility in
The last health you began, here's to all those
Incomparable Ladies, that like Roman
Conquerors have two or three names
Apiece: But if thou wou'dst leave this
Rambling, thou wou'dst lose nothing by it,
There's as hard drinking in Gentlemen's Houses
Now adays, as at Taverns, and as hot service
In many a Ladys Chamber, as at *Giffords*.

Wild. But how shou'd a man do to get into
Reputation? there are your men of fashion,

As well as Stuffs, and they go out again no body
Knows how.

Mod. 'Tis true, in the first place you must shake
Hands with your old friends, *Hoquemore* and
Burgundy for a while; leave your *Chaste Ling*,
And *La-Fronds*, dine with my Lord such a
One one day, my Lady what d'you call'um another;
And be sure to talk on't in the next Company
You come into, drink Wine and Water at Table,
A Dish of Tea after Dinner, like nothing but
What is French, before the Ladies; lose your money
Very much like a Gentleman to 'um in the Afternoon,
And the work's done.

Wild. This is a hard Chapter.

Estr. If thou knew'st once the pleasure of such a
Sprightly Girl as *Olivia*, the kind quarrels,
The fondness, the pretty sullenness after a
Little absence, which must be charm'd out
Of it with Kisses, and those thousand other
Devises that make a Lovers happiness; thou
Wou'dst think all this as easie, as lying a bed in
The Country in a wet morning.

Mod. Or, if he cou'd but see *Victoria's* reserv'dnes,
A little mollifi'd, and brought to hand with a good
Supper and the Fidles.

Estr. Or *Olivia* in her morning dress, with her Guittar,
Singing to it most enticingly, and then as kind as
Her discourse, her little breasts swelling and pouting
Out, as if they came half way to be Kiss'd.

Mod. Or the others haughty look melted into smiles,
The pretty combat of pride and pleasure in her
Face, at some certain times.

Estr. My Mistress is in the very spring of beauty.

Mod. And mine in the Midsommer of perfection.

Estr. Mine is—

Wild. Nay Gentlemen, one at once, and no quarrelling
I beseech you; you are happy men both, and have
Reason to be in love with your sweet lives, but I

Thought

Thought *Victoria* had so obstinately doted on
Her old Servant *Horatio*, that there had been
More hope of winning a Widow at her Husbands
Funeral, then of any favour for her now.

Mod. People will be talking, but on my word she'll
N'er break her heart for *Horatio*; I and my
Fellow-labourer, *Time*, have done his business.

Wild. You are the great Masters of your Art, these
Are the two Beauties, that the whole Town runs
Mad after.

Estr. We know it, we know it, and it is no small part
Of our felicity, to have that Lord send his
Coach and six to carry 'um to the Park ; this
Gentleman offering to play at Angel-beast with 'um,
Though he scarce know the Cards, and has no more
Visible Estate then what he may lose at a sitting :
A third begging to give 'um the four and twenty
Violins, which his Father in the County hears
Of and disinherits for, whilst the Ladies put 'um
Off with some slight Excuses, and send the whole
Town over after us.

Wild. You have 'um it seems in most excellent order.

Med. O there's no true pleasure but in your person
Of quality, the others love all men so well,
They can love none best: they are indeed
(Like your more generous Creatures) somewhat
Hard to tame, but I have seen a Lyon as
Gentle as an Ox: time and industry will do
Any thing.

Estr. Come, drink a Glass round.

Mod. I can't get down a drop of this Wine more
Without a Frolick.

Wild. Every man name the woman that has
Oblig'd him last, and drink all their
Healths in a Brimmer.

Mod. Content, begin *Estridge*.

Estr. Olivia: now, Modish, name yours.

Mod. Victoria, Victoria: we must have a super high load on

Your person too, *Wildish*.

Wild. Mrs. *Betty*.

Mod. *Betty* what?

Wild. Nay faith, I can go no further, and may

Very well be mistaken in that too.

Estr. Here's a Lock of Hair, shall I dip it for one
Glass more?

Wild. Whose is it first?

Estr. *Olivia's*, whose shou'd it be? black as Jet,
And shining as her Eyes: here's her Picture
Too in little.

(*Wildish steps a little aside, and looks upon it.*)

Wild. O Impudence! his Sisters Picture, he forgot
He show'd me a month ago; this lock of
Hair, produc't so confidently, frightened me
A little, till I saw the colour.

Enter to them *Snappum*:

Snap. Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for pressing
Thus rudely into your Company; but the business
Concerns no less then all my Fortunes: I
Have been long a Suitor to a rich Widow, and have
At last prevail'd with her to marry me suddenly.

Estr. What is that to us, Sir?

Snap. *Wildish*, you'll I hope make my Excuse to
Your friends: coming into the Garden about
Half an hour ago, I lost a Bracelet of her
Hair, wrought with her own hands, so that
There is no deceiving her with a counterfeit:
A Waiter here tells me, he saw one of you
Take up such a thing.

Wild. Is this it?

Estr. That's mine, and compos'd of hair so dear
To me, that I would fight with *Hector*, the top
Of your order for least of 'um.

Snap. And I with *Hercules* for mine: but
Pray Mr. *Wildish*, let me see it; if it be that I look
For, no body will quarrel for't, for 'tis full
Of gray hairs, I assure you.

Wild.

Wild. Shall he see it?

Estr. No.

Wild. I'le make bold for once though.

Snap. 'Tis my old Woman's.

Wild. By the mark I'le swear, for 'tis as grizl'd
As a Silver-hair'd Rabbet; I may venture to

Let him have it, *Estridge*, I suppose, mayn't I?

Estr. Yes, yes, now I remember me, I sent mine
To have a new string put to it.

Snappum goes off, Wildish follows
him a little way.

Wild. Adieu, *Snappum*.

Snap. Are any of these Gentlemen good Bubbles,
Mr. Wildish?

Wild. What do I know, you had best ask 'um.

Snap. No, I thank you, Sir, I can be satisfied
On easier terms; but you were always a Lover
Of ingenuity, pray tell me.

Wild. Away, away. [Exit *Snap*. *Wild.* returns.
I'm sorry your Mistress has gray hairs so young,
I doubt you are not kind to her, *Estridge*.

Mod. Nay, *Wildish*, don't insult upon a mistake.

Estridge is out of Countenance, and looking up and
down, sees the women in the next Arbour.

Estr. I think we have neighbours in the next
Arbour, and fine women they seem to
Be in their Masks.

Mod. Let's entertain 'um----what Ladies, come a
Padding for Hearts here in your Wizards?
A pretty device to make a man in Love
With he can't tell who.

Estr. What, rob us of our Liberties without one
Word? not so much as stand and deliver?

Oliv. If we shou'd rob you of your Hearts,
Gentlemen, 'twere but petty Larceny; *Victoria*
And *Olivia* wou'd never send Hue and Cry after us.

Mod. You know us, Madam.

Oliv. Yes, Gentlemen, somewhat better then

We did this morning, though I always
Suppos'd no less.

Estr. Then what?

Oliv. Then that you were the vainest Coxcombs
In the whole Town, Fellows that wou'd hate
A woman that were kind to you, because she
Takes from you the pleasure of belying her.

Estr. Olivia?

Oliv. The very same, Sir, whose Picture you have
In your Pocket, and about whose Hair you
Had like to have quarrell'd so manfully but now;
Who sends all the Town after you, and puts
Others off with slight Excuses; the obliging
Lady, whose health you drank by that name.

Estr. 'Twas another *Olivia* I meant, one
I knew abroad.

Vict. And another *Victoria* that you meant, *Modesta*?
Mod. Right, right, my Landladies Daughter
At the *Cheval d'Or*, since gone into a Monastery.

Oliv. The Daughters of a French *Everyyoung*,
I warrant too.

Estr. *La Jeunesse* was their Father, which is
All one with *Everyyoung* in English.

Mod. On our Honours, Ladies, we were ever most
Tender of your dear Credits, and are heartily
Sorry our Mistresses light to be of your names.

Oliv. Pray will you do me favour to let
Me see my Picture, I'm confident 'tis very
Like me.

Estr. Your French Name-sakes you mean, Madam;
That *mal adroit Wildish* let it fall and broke
The Crystal, and I sent it just now away
To have a new one put to it, as I hope to be
Sav'd, Madam.

Mod. But, Madam, cou'd you think me so
Senseless, as discourse of you at that rate?
Here's *Jack Wildish* has heard us speak of
These Wenchess a hundred times.

Wild. 'Slight, these fellows [*Wildish apart.*] Will ly'e themselves into credit again, if I han't a care of 'um instantly : Gentlemen I understand no winks, the few lyes I'le Venture upon I am resolv'd to keep for my Own use.

Estr. Prithee *Wildish* 'help us but this once.

Wild. No, no, go on, methinks you are in a Very fair way ; I am a stranger, the Ladies Won't mind what I say.

Oliv. Yes, yes, we'll take your word.

Wild. Why then, Ladys, I assure you upon the Honour Of a Gentleman, and by my friendship to those Worthy persons I dare answer, they are too Much Servants, to discourse so long of any Thing but your selves : and for the French women You know as much of 'um as I, having never Heard tittle of 'um till this minute.

Vic. You have brought a very sufficient Witness with you Gentlemen, we do Believe him.

Mod. Ours is not the first good cause has been lost By ill Witnesses : but I perceive, Ladys, you Don't know *Jack Wildish*, he is the verreyest Droll in the whole Town ; has a hundred Of these fetches. [*To Wildish apart.*]

Estr. Pox on't, thou mayst bring all off yet.

Wild. Faith my conscience won't give me leave To deceive a Lady in a friends behalf, [*allowd.*] To do it now, and in my own is all I can Obtain of it. [*Estridge comes up to Wildish.*]

Estr. 'S death, Sir, I can't be brought among these men

Wild. Nay *Estridge*, no trifling, you know I Mind it not, and 'tis uncivil to fright your Mistresses.

Mod. But that we are two to one, and scorn not I Advantages, you shou'd not carry it off thus.

Wild. I shou'd be more afraid if you were

Three to one: but some other time for
These matters.

Oliv. Never blame *Wildish*, we were all the
While in the next Arbour, so that if he had
Taken your Cue never so readily, 't had done
You little service.

Vic. Gentlemen this matter will bear no more
Raillery; we are sensible of our Honours, and
The injury your extravagant discourse might
Have done us, with any but so worthy a
Person as Mr. *Wildish*; but he we are
Confident understands himself too well
To have any ill thought of us from your
Vanity: we can do no less than forbid
You our House, and pray forbear it without
Further Ceremony.

Wildish takes Victoria; *Estridge offers to take Olivia*, *she refuses*.

Oliv. No, Sir, you'll say I come to pick you up
In the Garden one time or other.

Enter Eugenio like an Officer, and three more.

Sir Samuel Forecast above.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, there are some Souldiers below, say
They must search your House for some
Suspicious person.

Fore. I warrant they mean *Eugenio* and *Philander*,
I am utterly undone, suspected for a Traytor,
And all long of those ungracious Girls! I am
Very glad I have got my Christian Cloth
On again: go and let 'um in.

Enge. Sir, I hope you will excuse us, we do but
Follow our Orders, and having search'd your
House for some dangerous persons will

Leave

Leave it you again in peace : *Eugenio* and *Philander* were your Sons, and therefore now her self and I
Most probably judg'd to have made Your House their Sanctuary.

Fore. My House their Sanctuary ! I had rather It shou'd be their Grave : since they made The State their Enemy, I have been so too.

Euge. Then you have no thoughts of 'um for Your Daughters ?

Fore. No, Sir, I assure you : and to remove all doubt, *Althea* is shortly to be marry'd to *Horatio* (One that will bid you welcome, Sir, if you Please to come to the wedding) and I hope to Dispose of *Diana* e're long to some honest Gentleman of our party.

Enter Althea.

Fore. I command you, on my blessing, to answer All things this Gentleman questions you About, precisely, as it were my self.

Euge. Sir, you do well, but you must retire A little, whilst we examine your Daughters ; A man, though never so well meaning Himself, can't answer for others.

[Exit: *Forecaſt.*]

Euge. Lady, your Father here has shew'd Himself a faithful Subject to the Common-Wealth ; it now remains to know what Correspondence you entertain with *Eugenio* And *Philander*, your former Servants.

Altb. Upon my honour not the least, we are Too strictly watch'd to have a correspondence With any man, and are too careful of our Selves to hold one with persons so obnoxious.

Euge. Are you resolv'd you never will ?

Altb. As things are now they never shall.

Euge. Must you then marry *Horatio* ?

Altb. My Father tells me so, and I have hitherto Been Dutiful.

Euge.

Euge. Horatio's an accomplish'd Gentleman.

Alth. He is Sir, and worthy of more happiness
Than I can bring him to.

Euge. By Heaven, she loves him. [aside.]
You lov'd Eugenio once, and gave vow for vow.

Alth. I did perhaps.

Euge. A Stranger and an Enemy as he is, I pity him.

Alth. 'Tis noble in you, Sir; but we must all obey

Our Fortunes.

Euge. [Eugenio lets fall his Disguise.]

And curse 'um too, if they be all like mine,
That love where beauty, and not virtue, shine.
O that the Tyrants knew that I were here!
Death does more lovely now than life appear.
Since thou art false, 'tis she alone has charms;
Neglected love rests only in your arms:
When I am dead you may your choice avow,
Without reproach, which sure you cannot now:
And I shall want the fence of all my wrongs,
My death both to my rest, and thine belongs.

Alth. Can this *Eugenio* be, and so unkind,
What strange Distemper rages in thy mind?
Cou'd once my Soul of a base thought allow,
He that believes me false shou'd find me so.

Euge. Must you not, Madam, with *Horatio* wed?
'Tis a belief that your own words have bred.

Alth. Forgive my fear, if any word of mine
Unto that hateful sound seem'd to encline:
Your rude appearance, of a Souldier, made
My tender heart, and very love afraid:
I durst not speak, what most I did believe,
But us'd such words as you wou'd best receive.

Euge. Alas, *Althea*! what you told me here,
Did not create, although encrease, my fear:
That you must make him happy, is not new,
Nor did I learn the killing sounds from you;
The Streets are full of it, and every where
I can of nothing but this *Hymen* hear.

Alth.

Altb. 'Tis true, my Father does a match design
 'Twixt me and this *Horatio*, and does joyn
 Threats to Commands, urges th' uncertain state
 Of your affairs, your Party, and the Fate
 Of such as do a well form'd Power invade ;
 How they are always conquer'd or betray'd.
 My Beauty fatal to it self the while
 Inflames *Horatio*, and discourse (like Oyl)
 Foments the fire : of such a Love he tells,
 As would prevail but where your Image dwells ;
 But still in vain the Heart I gave to you,
 The one does threaten, and the other woo.

Enge. An absent Lover ill maintains the field:
 Does not my Image to his presence yield ?

Altb. I'm sure it ought ; reproaches so severe,
 They that deserve 'um not will never bear.
 'Twere just that Faith which you so ill deserve,
 For one of nobler thoughts I shou'd reserve.

Enge. We oft are made by a too great concern
 (Like too much light) unable to discern.
 The leave I gave to your surprise so late,
 Now for my own distraction I intreat.
 Where there is much of Love, there will appear
 Mixt with our boldest hope some little fear.

Altb. That fear in a true Lover soon wou'd dye,
 Which to my Virtue is an Enemy.

Enge. Hope is the passion of a calmer brest,
 But high concernments are with doubt opprest.
 To few, alas, is such assurance given
 Not to fear Hell, although they hope for Heaven.
 I not your Virtue, but my Fate accuse,
 Which still does me with highest rigour use.

Altb. Though Fate, *Eugenio*, for Misfortune meant,
 I wou'd refuse to be the Instrument.
 That dire necessity it seldom gave
 Of harming them, whom we wou'd only save.

Enge. But hark, I think I hear a noise of Swords.

Altb. The sound, alas, no room for doubt affords.

You might perhaps be safe in your disguise.

Spoke within by Souldiers. Where are the rest of 'um?
Down with the doors there.

Enge. Their sudden coming all such hope denies,
'Tis me they seek, I am betray'd ; but yet
Since I can't shun, I'le try to break the net.
This Paper will inform your Sister where
She may of her unhappy Servant hear,
Make him remove, help him to shun that Fate
Which does for the unblest *Eugenio* wait.
My Rival in their head ! by all the Gods,
Horatio, this is an unmanly odds ;
Yet if on thee I can but fall reveng'd,
I life for death most happily have chang'd.

Hora. *Eugenio* here ! I thought of nothing less,
But my clear meaning this will best express.

He fights on Eugenio's side.

Officer. Down with 'um both.

The Souldiers prevail, they are taken.

Enge. Sir, let my life the cruel forfeit pay,
And bear not rashly so much worth away.

Horatio was too far by Virtue led,
And sav'd that blood he nobly should have shed:
He being my Rival fear'd the world might say,
He for my hated life this train did lay.
Honour ingag'd his Sword in my defence,
And Honour is a kind of Innocence.

Hora. *Eugenio* leave to intercede for me,
I only grieve I cou'd not rescue thee,
That so thou might'st thy preservation owe
To the same Virtue thou so ill didst know:
And I some fitter time might make thee owne
The injustice of thy mean aspersion,
To think I came thus rudely to invade
The place where all that I adore is laid ;
And then to take my Rival in a snare,
Where if I wou'd I knew I cou'd not spare,

Was an affront thou with that life hadst paid,
Which I defended : but revenge shows base,
Which on our Honour more dependence has.

Euge. Some other time for this dispute we'll take,
Revenge by threatening we the harder make.

Officer. Come, Gentlemen, you must away, my
Orders press ; you will have time enough to talk
Of these things in the Tower.

Enter two Souldiers bringing in Sir

Samuel.

Officer. Sir, you must along.

Fore. Who I ! for what ?

Offic. For harbouring *Eugenio* here, a known
Enemy to the State.

Fore. You brought him with you for ought I know,
I n'er saw his face, I answer'd an Officer, and
Two Souldiers that came to search for him
Even now, and as I thought, gave 'um satisfaction.
But when I heard the clashing of Swords, because
I wou'd not be made accessory to any thing that
Might happen, I confess I retir'd into a
Corner of my Garret.

Offic. Sir, this won't satisfie, the Receiver is as
Bad as the Thief ; I have found a Traytor
In your house, and you shall answer it.

Fore. *Eugenio*, you are an honest Gentleman,
Pray speak, did I know any thing of your
Being here ?

Euge. Not in the least, Sir : but my word I fear
Will do you little service.

Enter Wildish.

Wild. What, Sir *Samuel*, agen under persecution ?
Nay, faith, I can do you no service now, these
Are a sort of Gamesters I dare not meddle withal.

Fore. I am undone ! here's *Eugenio* found in my
House, and they are carrying him to the Tower.

Wild. Come, bear up, Sir, if there come a turn,
You'll be a great man.

Fore. I shall be hang'd on that side, and to speak
My own Conscience, I have deserv'd it.

Wild. No, to lye in Prison for concealing Cavaliers,
Will be great merit ; and let me tell you as a friend,
There's like to be a turn suddenly, 'tis thought the
General will declare like an honest man, I say
No more ; therefore carry your self moderately,
This accident may chance to do you good service,
If you have the grace to make the right use on't :
But how came *Eugenio* and *Horatio* of a side ?

Fore. I came but just now among 'um, and know
Nothing ; but 'tis a strange thing a man can't be
Believ'd in his own defence : carry me to Prison ?
I'll see what Justices hand they have for't.

Offic. We shall find hands enough, ne're fear it.

Exeunt omnes.

A C T V. SCENE I.

*Enter Philander *Solus*.*

Phil. **T**is strange I nothing of *Eugenio* hear,
So long an absence may be worth a fear:
His friendship was not wont to hide from me
Of his most secret thoughts the new Decree.
I doubt his Love impatient of delay,
Has to *Althea* found some desperate way,
His passion cou'd not my slow cure attend,
On which, alas, he did in vain depend.
I was to blame, no sooner to provide
Against deluded hope's unruly tide ;
Which now I fear has born him on a shelf,
Where he'll unkindly perish by himself.

Enter Diana in Man's Cloaths.

Ha ! a strange face ! wou'd I had not been seen ;
But 'tis too good for Treason to lurk in.

Sure

Sure Gentle youth the place you have mistook,
I cannot be the man for whom you look.

Dian. *Philander* in your troubled face I read
Some apprehensions that you are betray'd :
But when you shall my woful story hear,
A Juster sorrow will remove your fear.

Phil. Thou hast my name, and yet I know thee not,
Quickly unty sweet youth this painful knot.

Dian. Know you this hand ?

Phil. Alas it is my own, .
This from *Eugenio* cou'd be had or none:
Speak, is he dead ? is this his Legacy ?
And has he sent it, gentle youth, by thee ?
Has he *Horatio* fought ? killing, or slain,
He almost equally wou'd breed my pain.

Dian. He and *Horatio* fought, but on a side.

Phil. What wonder beyond this can Fate provide.
I knew, *Eugenio*, thou wert always brave,
And that thy Love was still thy Honours slave.

Dian. On your friends part you have the vertue brought,
But 'twas *Horatio* for *Eugenio* fought.

Phil. Such a prodigious union cou'd not fail.

Dian. A Band of Souldiers did o're both prevail.

Phil. Is my unhappy friend a Prisoner made ?

Dian. He is, and close in the White Tower laid :
He bad me tell you so, that you might shun
The desperate hazard that his life must run.

Phil. How came he, gentle youth, thus to expose
My life to one whom he so little knows ?

Dian. I am his near Relation, and have been
Privy to all Designs he has been in.
He bids you to remove without delay,
For y'are endanger'd hourly by your stay :
The Souldiers about him a Paper took,
Which, though obscurely, of your Lodging spoke.

Phil. In vain we to that wretch good council give,
Resolv'd to perish, and unfit to live :
When he is gone, what busines have I here ?

What

What can again be worth a hope or fear ?
 The hour he dyes this shall be my relief, *pointing to his sword.*
 If I cou'd need another wound than grief.

Dian. How can you hope to please Eugenio's Ghost,
 In killing him whom he esteems the most ?
 In life our friends we chuse, but those we hate
 We rather wish Companions of our Fate :
 If a present to his shade wou'd send,
 It shou'd be of his Foe, and not his Friend.
 But yet I hope Eugenio may escape ;
 Safety has come in an unlookt for shape.

Phil. That hope alone makes the consent to live.

Dian. Can you for life no other reason give ?

Phil. None that, alas ! is fit for thee to hear.

Dian. Does then Diana's heart so vile appear ?

Phil. I hope thou wilt my better Genius prove,
 Since thus thou know'st my business and my love.

Dian. She tells me you have often fill'd her Ears
 With gentle words, and wet her arms with tears;
 Vow'd that your hope and fear, grief, and delight,
 Her frowns or favours only cou'd excite.

Phil. Why so I did, sweet youth, and told her true,
 But I'm amaz'd it shou'd be known by you.

Dian. Of late she has worn a face of discontent,
 That seem'd neglected friendship to lament :
 Eugenio to her Sister found a way,
 Though various hazards in his passage lay.

Phil. Unwisenly he the short-liv'd pleasure sought,
 Too soon 'twas paid for, and too dearly bought ;
 Like *Orpheus* for one poor untimely look,
 He has the hope of all he lov'd forsook.

Dian. That haste exprest a passion, though to blame :
 Impatience is of love the best extrem.

Phil. That Heir's accrû'd, that for a present sum
 Resigns the hope of all he has to come.
 I would Diana to the world prefer,
 And for her venture any thing but her.
 But, gentle youth, methinks thou speak'st as though

Thou

Thou mad'st a doubt, whether I lov'd or no.

Dian. Pray Heaven *Diana* mayn't: your fault was great,
To think of Honour when the day was set
For *Hymens* Rites; when nought else could destroy
Your hopes, which then were ripening into joy,
You were a *Traytor* to the State declar'd,
And in the glittering toyls of *Fate* ensnar'd.

Phil. Be witness Heaven, and all ye Powers above,
That see our infant passions weakly move,
E're they have force into the face to climb,
Or to one action can our wills encline,
If ever, for one moment, in my breast
I gave to any (she inspir'd not) rest.

Dian. Why did you then such daring projects frame,
And danger court that not concern'd your flame?

Phil. 'Tis true, before I knew *Diana*'s charms,
I courted Fame in danger and in Arms,
And thought no Cause cou'd lasting glory bring,
Like the just quarrel of our injur'd King.
Eugenio's friendship too that Fire improv'd,
And made me wed that Cause I ever lov'd:
What since I did was on a former score,
My Fate she can't condemn, but must deplore.
I was in honour pre-engag'd too far,
E're to retire, and yet to merit her.
But whence could'st thou this hated knowledge gain?
He worse than kills, who makes me live in pain:
Thy Beauty, Youth, and Words do all persuade,
Thou happy in her nearest trust art made.

Diana here drops a Ring, pulling out
a Handkerchief.

Ye Gods! the Ring I to *Diana* sent!
Do not frail man beyond his Nature tempt.
The good thou hast done, I thus forget it all,
And let my vengeance on my Rival fall. [He draws.
Draw, or I'll leave thee dead upon the ground.

She pulls off her Perriwig.

Dian. I dare not draw---and sure you dare not wound.

Phil.

Phil. With sudden light I for a while am blind,
 I sought a Rival, and a Mistress find ;
 Where I thought all my rage, my love is due,
 So high a pitch my wishes never flew ;
 I am not by degrees to pleasure led,
 Nor slowly made the doubtful steps to tread,
 But in an instant, my exalted mind
 Feels all her hopes set free, and fears confin'd :
 So Kings in Battels that they gave for gone,
 Redeem their own and win another Crown.

Dian. That Faith, which nothing shou'd in question bring,
 From a few words you doubt, and from a Ring :
 How can I hope a lasting friendship, where
 So light appearance brings so mean a fear ?

Phil. Such a surprize a jealous pang might give
 To any breast where so much love does live.
 But why, *Diana*, in this strange disguise ?
 Was it to make me happier by surprise ?

Dian. Cou'd I my fear, as well as love o'recome,
 You'd been preserv'd, and never known by whom ;
 Such a concern I wou'd not have betray'd,
 Till I were surer of your passion made.

Phil. What accident ill understood, cou'd prove
 Of that dire force to make you doubt my love ?
 You needs must know how we were all betray'd,
 And the hard scape I and *Eugenio* made ;
 And since, it had been fatal to be seen,
 So that this Chamber my whole world has been.

Dian. What made me doubt, it matters not to know,
 Let it suffice I do no longer so.
 The dreadful Sword, which at my breast you held,
 Though with much fear, I with more joy beheld :
 For he that truly does his Rival hate,
 Declares he loves his Mistress at that rate.

Phil. Look on thy self, and measure thence my love,
 Think what a flame so bright a form must move :
 That Knot be confident will ever last,
 Which Passion ty'd, and Reason has made fast.

Dian.

Dian. Farewel, *Philander*, think on what I've said,
And kindly judge the weakness of a Maid.

Phil. Thou art too cruel in so short a stay;
Thus would I gaze my very sight away.

Dian. Though for your safety nothing was too dear,
Now give me leave for my own self to fear. [Ex. *Diana*]

Phil. She has appear'd like Lightning to my sight,
Which when 'tis vanish'd, leaves a darker night.

[Exit *Philander*.]

Enter Estridge and Modish.

Estr. 'Twas certainly that Rogue *Wildish* that betray'd
Us; the Arbour and Bottle of Wine, were his motions.

Mod. Without all peradventure, you saw the
Ladies, when they threw us off, took him home
With 'um, nothing could be plainer----what think
You if one of us fought him?

Estr. Why, faith I think we had e'en as good let
That alone; hang him, he'll fight; 'twas only
A trick he put upon us, and let's rall it off,
And serve him in his own kind.

Mod. As how?

Estr. Do you remember a certain Cousin of his
That *Everyong* carry'd us to, the Widow of
A rich Alderman, who dy'd suddenly, and left her
All he had? this Widow he intends for Sir *Samuel Forecast*, and I make no question but he is to have
A round Sum for his good word.
What think you now, if I order it, that one
Of us marry this Widow, then I hope
We are sufficiently reveng'd?

Mod. But how is't possible?

Estr. Nothing so easie: her Maid has promis'd me
To perswade her to take a walk in the Mulberry-
Garden; this is a time there is little or no
Company there, 'tis but waiting at the door
With a trusty Servant or two, and we may
Force her whither we please, and then of
Her own accord she'll marry either of us.

K

Mod.

Mod. Why so? *Estr.* If for no other, for the same reason that men
Eat Horse-flesh in a Siege; because she can come
At nothing else.

Mod. If it were a foolish Girl, we might do
Somewhat with her indeed; but these Widows
Are like old Birds, not to be tam'd; she'll fight and
Scratch, and fly about, there will be no enduring her.

Estr. Fear nothing: when she considers she has no
Other way to save her Reputation, she'll hear reason.

Mod. Well; but being equal Adventurers, how
Shall we agree about the Prize?

Estr. He that marries her, shall give the other a
Statute upon his Estate, for two thousand
Pounds, a pretty good Sum, and will serve to stop a gap.

Mod. Content, and I wish thee joy of her
With all my heart.

Estr. You shall find me as good a Pay-master
As her Husband the old Alderman would
Have been: but stand close, here she comes.

Enter the Widow and her Maid, they seize 'um.
Wid. Thieves, Murderers, Villains! what do you mean?

Estr. Nothing, nothing, but I lie make bold to stop
That pretty mouth of thine, Widow, for once!

They carry 'um off.
Mod. Whither shall we carry 'um?

Estr. To a little house I have taken a quarter of
A mile off for that purpose, where no body
Could hear 'um, though they had Falconers
Or Huntsmens voices.

Enter Sir John Everyoung, and Sir Samuel Forecast.

Ever. Give you joy, Brother, give you joy.
Fore. Of what?

Ever. Why, of your Lieutenancy of the Tower.
Know you can be here upon no other accept, and I will w^t tell you
Indeed your fidelity to the Publick claims no less.

Fore.

Fore. Sir, give you joy of your new Suit, and
Fair Perriwig there.

Ever. Faithy Brother, it sits with no Fortune
To day, what ere's the matter, I was never
Worse put together in all my life, and but to
Congratulate your advancement, wou'd not
Have left the Company I din'd with.

Fore. I hope to return your kind Visit in the Fleet,
And see your Daughters sell Ale and Cakes there,
And your Worship with fewer Trappings on;
For thither your extravagant Courses point.

Ever. May my Perriwig never know a good day,
Nor be taken for my o'wn hair again,
But come off always with thy Hat, if it
Cost me above twelve pounds.

Fore. Pox on your Hat, and your Perriwig, can you
Tell how I shall get out?

Ever. No more then how you got in; but you are
Wise, and know business; alas, I know nothing
But how to sort Ribands, make Horse-matches,
Throw away my money at Dice, and keep my
Self out of the Tower.

Fore. O my ungracious Girls!

Ever. What of them? have they broke prison,
And taken Sanctuary in the Arms of some sturdy
Prentice, Fencing-master, Brother of the Blade,
Or any other inferior Rascal? you were
So strict to 'um, I never look'd for other.

Fore. Not so fast; but if you can be serious for
A minute, do: they are virtuous, but *Eugenio*
A former Servant to *Althea*, since decl'r'd
A Traytor to the State, was taken in my house;
I suspected to have been privy to his being
There, and so carried along with him hither:
I protested my Innocence to the Officers, urg'd
My former Service, but all would not do.

Ever. S'light of hope you had more wit, this is
The happiest accident that ever befel mortal,

For an old notorious Round-head to be taken
For a Cavalier at this time ; why I never
Thought it had been in you ; this was a Stratagem
Might have become *Machevile* himself.

Fore. Why, what's the matter ? all's well I hope.

Ever. Yes, never better, the General has this day to
Some persons of quality declar'd for the King ;
All Cavaliers are immediately to have their
Liberty ; therefore make haste to reconcile
With *Eugenio* and *Philander* : I have an order
For the delivery of all such Prisoners as are
Here upon the account of Loyalty to their Prince.

Fore. *Philander* and *Eugenio*, on my Daughters
Account, will do me all the service they can, and I
Hope to make some advantage of this imprisonment.

Ever. I'll go and release *Eugenio*, and bring him
To you ; *Horatio* is discharg'd already : though
We fall out now and then about trifles, we are
Brothers, and ought to serve one another.

Exeunt.

Enter Victoria, Olivia, and Wildish.

Wild. You see now, Ladies, what Fellows you cast
Your good opinions on : if I said any thing
That was disrespectful to either of you,
It ought to go for nothing, I was merely
Your decoy in the businels.

Oliv. We are very well satisfy'd on all hands.

Wild. Sure they'll never have the impudence
To trouble us agen.

Oliv. Now wou'd I were married to *Efridge*,
That I might plague him soundly.

Wild. How can you make that a Plague, Madam?

Oliv. A hundred ways : I wou'd never come
Home till three a clock in the morning ;
Tumble my own Handkercher my self, to make
Him jealous ; break his soundest sleeps in
Commendation of his bosom-friend, and never
Leave till I have made um quarrel ; fold up

All

All manner of Papers, like Love-Letters,

And burn 'em just as he comes into th' Room.

Wild. I can tell you how to be reveng'd on him
Beyond all this.

Oliv. Prithee how, *Wildish?*

Wild. Why, marry me, make a good Wife to me,
And let him hang himself for rage.

Oliv. I am not so inveterate an Enemy, I'll forgive
Him rather: if I were your Wife, I must board
Half a year with a Friend in the Country, tumble
About the other half in most villainous Hackneys,
Lye two pair of Stairs high, and wear black
Farrendiae the whole year about: see you when
You had no Money to play, and then be kist out
Of a Ring or a Bracelet.

Wild. I wou'd not use a City Widow of five and fifty so,
With seven small Children: and am I to suffer
Nothing all this while?

Oliv. What can you suffer?

Wild. Why, the loss of that which is dearer than life,
My liberty; be known for a marry'd man, and so
Put my self out of all capacity, of breaking Goldy,
Promising marriage, or any other way of
Ensuring my self to scrupulous young Virgins
I shall like hereafter.

Oliv. That is to be taken from the occasion of
Playing the Rascal: is that all?

Wild. Not half; if I make but love to a Chamber-maid,
I shall be answer'd, you have a sweet Lady of your
Own, and why will you wrong her? if I get
Acquainted with any young woman, after the fourth
Or fifth visit, be look'd upon by her Father and Mother,
Worse than the Tax-Gatherers in a Country Village;
All this you count nothing.

Oliv. Not to a Lover, *Wildish?*

Wild. Well, there is no service so desperate,
That a gallant man will shrink at, if he like
His reward; and to give his hand thus to a woman,

(70)

In him that rightly understands what he does,
Is as bold an action as *Murine Scavola's* yet
That I may use it hereafter where and when I please,
Upon my dear *Olivia* I'll venture it.

Oliv. Softly, when you please, and where I please.

Wild. Content Madam: will you do us the favour to
Be a Witness?

Viȝ. Well Mr. *Wildish*, I'll dance bare-foot
To servé you.

Oliv. Hold, hold *Wildish*, my heart fails me.

Wild. Slight, I had a qualm too, there's certainly
A more than ordinary providence attends me;
I shall scape yet, I am now in a twitter,
Like a Gamester upon a great by, that is asleep; if a to prisi a
Heartily afraid he shall lose it, and yet his
Love to the money won't suffer him to draw.
Stakes. I must have her.

Viȝ. Nay, now you are come thus far, e'ne goon,

Oliv. Well, *Wildish*, give me thy hand; the first
Time thou anger'st me, I'll have a Gallant;
And the next, make thee a Cuckold.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Horatio and Althea.

Hora. Madam, you know your Father does command,
That you shou'd shortly give me your fair hand
Before a Priest; but since I find no part
Goes along with it of your generous heart,
My mind the charming present can refuse,
Fearing t'indulge a passion you accuse;
My joy with your least trouble weigh'd must still
Appear, to my own self the greater ill.

Alth. Such words as these, *Horatio*, but heap more
Upon a debt that was too great before;
I'm cover'd with confusion when I weigh
How much I owe, how little I can pay:
You may with ease a fairer Mistres find,
And with more ease such worth will make her kind;
And if I e're that happy Virgin know,
I'll sue to make her pay you what I owe.

Hora.

Hora. To change your thoughts, I will no longer try,
But with the stream I cannot turn, comply :
I to *Victoria* will my suit renew,
And hope to find an Advocate in you.

Alth. You may command me, and *Victoria's* mind
Is of it self to you too well inclin'd.

Hora. All this methinks shou'd your belief perswade,
I no contrivance with those Villains had,
To take my Rival in so mean a way,
But only came their sudden rage to stay :
All that confusion, and surprize cou'd do,
My passion made me apprehend for you.

Alth. *Horatio's* Honour does too brightly shine,
To be accused of such a low design ;
Had you within the bounds of friendship staid,
Your self and me you had both happy made.

Hora. With ease from friendship we to love are led,
That slippery path who can securely tread ?

Enter *Sir Samuel Forecast*, *Sir John Everyoung*,
and *Eugenio*.

Alth. I see my Father, and *Eugenio* here,
And in all faces sudden joys appear.

Forecast, *Everyoung*, and *Horatio* seem to discourse.

Euge. Fortune, I pardon thee thy short-liv'd spite,
I for thy constant temper took a fit,
Th' art kind, and gentle, and 'tis we are blind,
Who do mistrust the ways thou hast design'd
To make us blest, though better than our own.

Alth. Can you have joy, and yet *Althea* none ?

Euge. May I all misery first undergo,
E're joy divided from *Althea* know.

Alth. What is this wonder hangs upon thy tongue ?
Delay does only to ill news belong.

Euge. Madam, your Father licenses my claim,
And you alone can now oppose my claim ;
That Cause which Armys did in vain support,
And noblest spirits did, successless, court,
We in a bloodless triumph shining see,
Without the dire effects of Victory.

For

For in the Generals breast (the noblest Scene)
 The Fate of *England* has transacted been :
 On Albion's Throne he will our Monarch place,
 Our Neighbours terrour, and our Nations grace,
 Whilst at his blest approach, all factious minds
 Vanish, like leaves before Autumnal Winds.

Altb. Such truth in love and loyalty y'ave shown,
 What les for both cou'd by just Heaven be done ?

Euge. This happiness, though great, yet is not all,
 My dearest friend I soon shall Brother call ;
 Diana must his deathless Flame repay.

Altb. Fate, to be pardon'd, had no other way.

Euge. See how your Father kindly strives to evade
 His former promise to *Horatio* made.

Altb. That work's so nobly in his breast begun,
 That a few words will finisht what's undone :
Horatio does all happiness despise,
 From my obedience, which my love denies.

Forecast to Eugenio.

Fore. *Horatio* has releas'd me of my promise to him,
 And seeing your changeless love to one another,
 Was resolv'd to have mov'd it to me, if I had
 Not prevented him.

Euge. Such honour, noble youth, I must confess,
 Gives wonder equal to my happiness.

Hor. *Althea* I resign, my guilty flame
 Was too unjust to reach so fair an aim :
Victoria's wrongs did my success oppose,
 And my lost passion its own penance grows.
 So some Offenders are their duty taught
 By th' ill effect and nature of their fault.

Eug. My apprehensions by these words are clear'd,
 And I dare love that Virtue which I fear'd.
 In love alone this mystery we find,
 Men best agree when of a different mind.

Hor. There now remains but one thing more to do,
 'Tis that *Philander* may be sent for too.
 But see he comes.

[Enter *Philander*.]

Fore.

Fore. Brother, if your Daughter were here, we
Might have a Dance.
Sir, you are heartily welcome, I kept my Girl
Safe for you, she has not been so much as blown
Upon since you saw her ; I knew honest men
Wou'd not be always kept from their own,
There wou'd come a time.

Phil. Sir, I was ever most oblig'd to you —
Eugenio here ! then I am doubly blest,
And only fear to be with joy opprest.

Enge. The joys of Friendship well prepare our mind
For the high raptures we in love shall find :
The name of Brothers we shall soon obtain.

Phil. Friendship so perfect by no name can gain.

Enter Diana.

Fate is at length ashame'd, or weary grown
Upon a Flame you smil'd so long, to frown ;
As Vessels lost upon the raging Main,
With greater joy the wisht-for Port obtain ;
Our love this short, fierce tempest having past,
Will joys more high, since less expected, last.

Dian. But in the Storm did you throw nothing out ?

Phil. Wrong not my love with so unkind a doubt.

Enter Ever. Vict. Oliv. Wild.

Ever. Wildish, thou'rt an honest fellow, I'm glad
I found thee.

Wild. Sir, the honest fellow desires to be known to
You by another name, having newly marry'd your
Daughter *Olivia*.

Ever. When, pray Mr. *Wildish* ?

Wild. Just now, Sir, the words are scarce out of our
Mouths.

Ever. Well, this is a day I could not have been angry
If thou hadst got her with Child upon a Contract ;
But you might have ask'd my leave, e're you
Went about to make me a Grandfather.

Wild. If I had had a good Jointure to offer, so I
Wou'd, but if I do make you a Grandfather,
'Tis not done maliciously, I'll swear.

L

Hor.

Hora. My guilty Cause my self I dare not plead,
But beg your innocence will intercede :
Since all my fault your matchless beauty made,
Your goodness now shou'd my excuse persuade.

Altb. I in *Victoria* will my int'rest try,
You, and me both, she hardly shall deny.

Hora. *Victoria's* mind I cannot hope to move,
Unless a Parents power assist my love ;
Her duty will not your commands withstand,
She'll take a worthless Servant from your hand.

Ever. I'm sure she can have no exception to so
Deserving a person as *Horatio* ; Lovers, like Spaniels, do
But show their mettal in a little ranging : though you
Had a twittering to *Altbea*, you'll make ne're the
Worse Husband to *Victoria*. *Victoria* !

Victoria. Sir, what's your pleasure ?

Ever. That which will prove yours in the end : I
Charge you upon my blessing, give *Horatio* your
Hand, go and be marry'd with your Cousins,
And make but one work of it.

Victoria. Sir, I am all obedience : who'e're strove
At once against her duty, and her love,

Wild. But *Estridge*, what fine Lady have you got there ?

Estr. A certain Widow which I have cast my
Self away upon : a Kinswoman of yours, *Wildiſh*,
That you formerly design'd for the Right Worshipful
Sir, *Formal* there : do you know her now ? ---
Sir we made bold with her without your consent.

Wild. Old acquaintance, i' faith, how is it ? I have made
As bold, and been as welcome too, as e're you'll be
Sir : but why did you steal a marriage thus ?

Wild. You know I always lov'd stolen pleasures, but
This marriage stole me ; your old Knight was
Uncertain, came on by inches, this Gentleman
Leapt into the matter, forc'd me into a Coach, and
Marry'd me in an instant : I cou'd have been
Content to have been a Lady, that I might have
Taken place of my Mistress when she comes to Town.
But a Bird in the hand —

Estr.

Estr. Why, have you a Mistress?

Wid. As sure as you have had a hundred,
And now have a Wife.

Mod. I doubt as things go, I shall scarce find you
As good a Pay-master as the old Alderman.

Estridge pulls his hand from her, and looks angry.

Wild. Nay, never use her ill now, 'twas none of her
Fault, she is a very good Creature, and one
That I plac't to personate my Cousin, on purpose
To catch Sir *Samuel Forecast*; you know he
Took the forfeiture of a Mortgage that concern'd
A very good Friend of mine, and I was resolv'd to
Be reveng'd of him; if you will needs run your
Head into the Noose that's prepar'd for another,
Who can help it? my Cousin is married in *Ireland*,
Whither she went last Summer to look after
Some money, due to her last Husband.

Wid. I am her House-keeper though, and can bid
You welcome till she returns.

Oliv. A pretty pert thing, I like her humour, she
Carries it off well: but *Wildish*, you shall visit
Her no more now we are married.

Wild Fear not, *Estridge* will take order for that.

Horatio to Victoria.

Hora. How I do hate my self! that could so long
At once such Beauty and such Goodness wrong.

Vict. My kindness has forgot you were to blame,
You guilt consum'd in your reviving flame.

Ever. Now you are all pair'd, let's have a Dance.

After the Dance, a great shout within.

Euge. I hear the peoples voice in joyful crys,
Like conquering Troops o're flying Enemies;
They seem to teach us in a ruder way
The Honour due to this all-healing day.

Phil. Let's part a while, and vye who shall express
The highest sense of this great happiness.

Epilogue.

Poets of all men have the hardest Game,
Their best Endeavours can no Favours claim.
The Lawyer, if o'rethrown, though by the Laws,
He quits himself, and lays it on your Cause.
The Souldier is esteem'd a Man of War,
And Honour gains, if he but bravely dare.
The grave Physician, if his Patient dye,
He shakes his head, and blames Mortality.
Only poor Poets their own faults must bear,
Therefore grave Judges be not too severe :
Our Author humbly hopes to scape your Rage,
Being no known Offender on the Stage,
He came by chance, is a meer Traveller ;
All Countries Civil unto Strangers are :
Yet faith he's arm'd how e're your Censures go,
And can prevent the harm, though not the blow.
No Poet can from this one Comfort fall,
The best ne're pleas'd, nor worst displeas'd you all.

FINIS.